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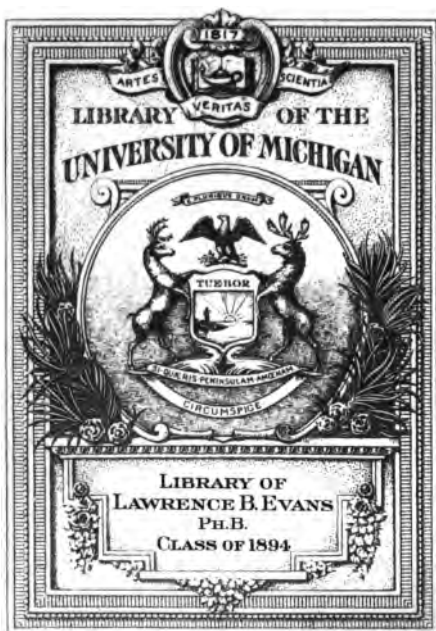
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A 400275



THE GIFT OF
GRACE L. AND ABBY L. SARGENT







Drawn by Rowlandson

QUÆ GENUS on his JOURNEY to LONDON.

Combe, William
=

THE HISTORY
OF
JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS
THE LITTLE FOUNDLING OF
THE LATE DOCTOR SYNTAX
A POEM BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE THREE TOURS

WITH TWENTY-FOUR
COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON



A NEW EDITION

NEW YORK
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1903

NOTE

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year 1822



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HISTORY
OF
QUÆ GENUS, ETC.

THE Favour which has been bestowed on the different TOURS OF DOCTOR SYNTAX, has encouraged the Writer of them to give a HISTORY OF THE FOUNDLING, who has been thought an interesting Object in the latter of those Volumes; and it is written in the same style and manner, with a view to connect it with them.

This Child of Chance, it is presumed, is led through a track of Life not unsuited to the peculiarity of his Condition and Character, while its varieties, as in the former Works, are represented by the Pencil of Mr. ROWLANDSON with its accustomed characteristic Felicity.

The Idea of an English GIL BLAS predominated through the whole of this Volume; which must be

considered as fortunate in no common degree, if its readers, in the course of their perusal, should be disposed to acknowledge even a remote Similitude to the incomparable Work of *Le Sage*.

The AUTHOR.

PREFACE

THIS prolonged work is, at length, brought to a close.—It has grown to this size, under rare and continuing marks of public favour ; while the same mode of Composition has been employed in the last, as in the former Volumes. They are all equally indebted to MR. ROWLANDSON's talents.

It may, perhaps, be considered as presumption in me, and at my age, to sport even with my own Dowdy Muse, but, from the extensive patronage which DOCTOR SYNTAX has received, it may be presumed that, more or less, he has continued to amuse : And I, surely, have no reason to be dissatisfied, when Time points at my eightieth Year, that I can still afford some pleasure to those who are disposed to be pleased.

The AUTHOR.

May 1, 1821.

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THE HISTORY
OF
JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS
OR

The Soundling of Doctor Syntax

CANTO I

JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS! what a name
To offer to the voice of Fame!
(Though she 'tis hop'd may condescend
To act as Little Johnny's friend)
This may be said, when first the eye
Does, by a careless glance, descry
The striking range of marshall'd words
Which a gay TITLE-PAGE affords.
But what's a name, as SHAKESPEARE says,
It neither gives nor lessens praise;
Adds no fresh odour to the rose,
Nor any other flower that blows:
Whether with rare or common name
The fragrance will be just the same.
'Tis not a title can confer
The good or ill of character,
HOWARDS have been both beat and bang'd,
And some with ancient names been hang'd:

THE HISTORY OF

Look at a ship with convicts stor'd
 What noble names are oft on board !
 It is the living, current course
 Or of the better or the worse,
 That stamps, whate'er may be the name,
 Or with a good or evil fame.
 But howsoe'er the thing we view
 Our little Johnny's title's new :
 Or for the child or for the man,
 In an old phrase, 'tis *spick* and *span*.

Besides, as most folk do agree
 To find a charm in novelty,
 'Tis the first time that Grammar rule
 Which makes boys tremble when at school,
 Did with the name an union crave
 Which at the font a sponsor gave.
 But whether 'twas in hum'rous mood
 Or by some classic whim pursued,
 Or as, in Eton's Grammar known,
 It bore relation to his own,
 Syntax, it was at Whitsuntide,
 And a short time before he died,
 In pleasant humour, after dinner,
 Surnam'd, in wine, the little sinner.
 And thus, amid the table's roar,
 Gave him from good, old *Lilly's* store,
 A name which none e'er had before. }
 —'Squire Worthy, who, perchance was there,
 Promis'd the Doctor's wish to share,
 That want, at least might not annoy
 The progress of the Foundling Boy.
 "—Syntax," He said, "We'll try between us
 To make the fortune of QUÆ GENUS :
 You feed his mind with learning's food,
 And I'll protect him if he's good."

“While I,” said smiling *Dickey Bend*,
“Will add my mite as *Johnny’s* friend ;
Nor shall he want the scraps of knowledge
Which he can pick up at my College.”

—Thus, as they did the bumper ply
To Johnny’s future destiny,
The warm, almost parental heart
Of Mrs. Syntax bore its part ;
And her cheek wore a smile of joy
As she beheld th’ unconscious boy,
Who, careless of the kind debate,
Play’d with the cherries on his plate.

But such is life’s uncertain hour,
And such is fate’s tyrannic power,
That while our comforts smile around
The fatal dart inflicts the wound :
Thus e’er another month was past
Syntax, alas ! had breath’d his last.
Whene’er he heard the widow sigh
QUÆ GENUS wept he scarce knew why :
Of a kind friend fate had bereft him,
And an odd name was all he left him.
His urchin fancy only thought
As his enquiring mind was taught,
That his adopted sire was gone
Where the good go to worlds unknown,
To happy regions plac’d on high
Above the blue and starry sky,
Where, he was with the hope endued,
That he should go, if he were good.

But the good lady took him home
And kept him many a year to come ;
When he grew up a charming youth,
In whom simplicity and truth

THE HISTORY OF

Did o'er his ev'ry thought preside ;
 While, with such an anxious guide,
 Life smil'd and seem'd to promise fair,
 That it would answer to the care
 Which her affection had bestow'd,
 To set him on his future road :
 But when she died poor John was hurl'd
 Into a bustling, tricking world.
 He had, 'tis true, all she could leave ;
 She gave him all there was to give ;
 Of all she had she made him heir,
 But left it to a lawyer's care :
 No wonder then that he was cheated
 And her fond anxious hopes defeated :
 So that instead of his possessing
 The fruits of her last, dying blessing ;
 He had, as it turn'd out, to rue
 What foul rascality could do ;
 And his own wild vagaries too.

Here, gentle reader, here begins
 The account of our young Hero's sins :
 But all which thus far form'd his fate,
 QUÆ GENUS will himself relate,
 And what truth bids him to rehearse,
 My hum-strum Muse records in verse.

Thus I proceed,—my humble strain
 Has hap'ly pleas'd.—I may be vain,—
 But still it hopes to please again.

In this great overwhelming town,
 Certain receptacles are known,
 Where both the sexes shew their faces
 To boast their talents and get places :
 Not such as kings and courts can give,
 Not such as noble folk receive,

But those which yield their useful aid
To common wants or gen'ral trade,
Or finely furbish out the show
That fashion does on life bestow.
Here those who want them may apply
For toiling powers and industry,
On whom the nervous strength's bestow'd
To urge the wheel or bear the load.
Here all who want, may pick and chuse
Each service of domestic use :
The laundry, kitchen, chamber, dairy,
May always find an Ann or Mary,
While in th' accommodating room,
He who wants coachman, footman, groom,
Or butler staid, may come and have,
With such as know to dress and shave.
—The art and skill may here be sought
In ev'ry thing that's sold and bought,
In all the well spread counter tells
Of knowledge keen in yards and ells ;
Adepts in selling and in buying
And perfect in the modes of lying ;
Who flatter misses in their teens,
And harangue over bombazeens,
Can, in glib words, nor fear detection,
Arrange each colour to complexion :
Can teach the beau the neckcloth's tie,
With most becoming gravity ;
Or with a consequential air,
Turn up the collar to a hair.
—Besides, your nice shop-women too,
May at a call be brought to view,
Who, with swift fingers, so bewitching,
Are skill'd in ev'ry kind of stitching ;
Can trim the hat, arrange the bonnet,
And place the tasty ribbon on it.

THE HISTORY OF

In short, here all to service bound,
 May in their various shapes be found.
 —From such who may display their charms,
 By smirking looks and active arms,
 To those in kitchen under ground
 Amid black pots and kettles found :
 From such as teach the early rules,
 Or in the male or female schools,
 To those of an inferior breed,
 Who ne'er have known to write or read :
 From those who do the laws perplex
 In toil at an attorney's desk,
 To such as pass their busy lives
 In cleaning shoes or cleaning knives.
 To these, perhaps, an added score
 Might swell the tiresome list or more,
 But here description says, "give o'er." }

In such enregistering shop
 One morn a figure chanc'd to pop ;
 (But here I beg it may be guess'd,
 Of these same shops it was the best,)
 His hat was rather worse for wear,
 His clothing, too, was somewhat bare,
 His boots might say, "we've travell'd far." }
 His left hand an umbrella bore
 And something like a glove he wore :
 Clean was his very sun-burnt skin
 Without a long hair on his chin,
 While his lank face, in ev'ry feature,
 Proclaim'd a keen, discerning nature ;
 And when he spoke there was an air
 Of something not quite common there :
 His manner good, his language fair. }
 A double cape of curious make,
 Fell from his shoulders down his back,

JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS

7

As if art did the folds provide
A very awkward hump to hide ;
But, if 'twere so, the cunning fail'd,
For still the treach'rous bunch prevail'd.

By chatting here and talking there,
He did his curious mind prepare
With all the means by which to gain
The end his wishes would obtain ;—
Then with half-humble, solemn face,
He sought the ruler of the place,
Who boasted an establish'd fame,
And *Sharpsight* was his well-known name.
But ere we in our way proceed
To tell of many a future deed,
It may, we doubt not, be as well,
To save all guess-work, just to tell,
Of the part now upon the stage
QUÆ GENUS was the personage.
Fortune's dark clouds, for some time past
That learned title had o'ercast,
And he had borrow'd names in plenty,
He might have gone by more than twenty ;
But now arriv'd in this great town
Without a fear of being known
He thought he might assume his own :
And he had weighty reasons too
For what he was about to do,
Which, we believe, a future page
Will reconcile as reasons sage.
At length his statement he began,
When thus the conversation ran.

QUÆ GENUS.

“ 'Tis the first time I e'er applied
To ask your counsel for my guide :—

But strange events have brought me here,
And at your desk I now appear,
But not without the means to pay,
For all you do and all you say.
And here, good Sir, there's no concealing
We must be cautious in our dealing :
I want employment that will give
Means to be honest and to live.
Such is my warm, heart-felt desire,
Such is the boon I now require,—
And if you do my wishes aid,
I tell you Sir,—*you shall be PAID.*”

Sticking his pen behind his ear
And with a keen enquiring leer,
Sharpsight the curious figure view'd,
And thus the important talk pursued.

SHARPSIGHT.

“In answer to your just desire,
Permit me fairly to enquire,
Which to my ledger is transmitted,
For what your qualities are fitted ?
And, in good faith, I wish to know,
What you have done, and what can do ?
Nay, to whose word I may refer
For your good name and character.
Such is essential to the case,
Such are the first steps to a place,
Of whate'er kind that place may be,
Whether of high or low degree ;
Without them no access to station,
No character, no situation.
—What you assert, you say is true,
I'm sure, my friend, I wish so too :

For what you ask, as you describe,
Is ask'd by all the serving tribe :
'Tis that to which they all pretend,
But those I never can commend
In honour to my own good name,
And to this room's establish'd fame,
But what the rigid truth may claim. }
Though as you look this place around,
But common folk are to be found :
Coachmen who sit without a whip ;
Footmen, without a call to skip ;
Gardeners who have lost their spade,
And Journeymen without a trade ;
Clerks whose pens have long been idle ;
With grooms quite dull, who ask a bridle ;
Cooks who exclaim for roast and boil'd,
And nurs'ry-maids without a child ;
Young, sprightly girls who long to clamber
From drawing-rooms to upper chamber,
Ready the drudg'ry to assail
Of scrubbing-brush, and mop and pail ;
Stout porters who for places tarry,
Whose shoulders ache for loads to carry ;
But character they must maintain,
Or here they come, and pay in vain.
In short, were I to count them o'er,
I could name twenty kinds or more,
Who patient and impatient wait
About this busy, crowded gate.
—But you might higher claimants see
Within this crowded registry,
Who do not at the desk appear,
Nor e'er are seen in person here ;
But they are charged a larger fee,
Both for success and secrecy.

Thus you must see how much depends,
 To gain your object and your ends,
 That you should truly let me know
 What you have done,—what you can do;
 And I, once more, beg to refer
 To your good name and character."

QUÆ GENUS.

"I do profess I can engage
 With noble, simple, and with sage.
 Though young as yet, I've been so hurl'd
 About what you would call the world,
 That well I know it, yet 'tis true,
 I can be very honest too.
 —Of the good name which you demand,
 I tell you—I've not one at hand.
 Of friends, I once had ample store,
 But those fair, prosp'rous days are o'er,
 And I must mourn it to my cost
 That friends are dead, and gone, and lost;
 But if to conscience 'tis referr'd,
 My conscience says, Sir, take his word.
 —Of character, though I have none,
 Perhaps, Sir, I can purchase one:
 I, from a corner of my coat,
 May just pluck out a pretty note;
 Which, with a view to gain an end,
 Might, in an urgent want, befriend.
 Now, if to place me, you contrive,
 Where I may have a chance to thrive;
 I'll give this note, if I'm alive. }
 It may be rather worth your while;
 Perhaps it may awake a smile."

Sharpsight appear'd to look astray,
 But still he took a glance that way.

"I'm not," he said, "to be beguil'd ;"
Though when he glanc'd that way, he *smil'd*,
And, turning to the other side,
In a calm, soften'd tone replied.

SHARPSIGHT.

"Here money is not that way earn'd,
My reputation is concern'd ;
But still I can my duty do,
And strive to be a friend to you.
Sir Jeff'ry Gourmand you may suit ;
A Knight renown'd, of high repute,
As all who know his name can tell,
For being rich and living well ;
A gen'rous man, but full of whim,
And you may be the thing for him :
In such a way your case I'll mention
As shall awaken his attention.
And now, my worthy friend, I pray,
Mind well what I'm about to say :
Without a creature to refer
Or for good name or character,
And in a state which seems to be
Involv'd in awkward mystery ;
And I shall add, with your excuse
For the remark which I must use,
That either accident or nature
Has, on your back, plac'd such a feature,
That were you e'en my dearest friend,
I dare not such an one commend
To any lady worth a groat,
Unless to serve the dame for nought.
—Just turn around, and you may see
A Lady in deep scrutiny,
With a nice quizzing-glass in hand,
Glancing across a liv'ried band ;

And once a month she does appear
On this domestic errand here.
If of a maid she wants the use,
Her woman comes to pick and chuse ;
But if a man,—she is so nice,
She comes herself to make the choice.
A widow rich, who gives high wages,
If they should please, whom she engages :
But he must be of such a size,
And look so well in her keen eyes,
That she scarce one in twenty sees
Fit to wear her rich liveries.
There's one who has a squinting eye—
I know full well she'll pass him by ;
On one poor rogue she'll turn her back
Because his frightful beard is black ;
Another will not eat her bread
Because his frizzled crop is red ;
These are too weak,—and those too strong,
And some an inch too short or long :
She'll take the best-made of the bunch,
But would be fainting at a hunch.
—Thus then, according to my plan,
Sir Jeff'ry Gourmand is the man ;
But to his questions pray reply
Without the veil of mystery :
Your story from your very youth,
If he should ask it—tell the truth ;
Your errors fail not to unfold—
In telling them be firm, be bold ;
While you your better virtues own,
E'en let your mischiefs all be known,
But let not folly blazen forth
Whate'er you have of conscious worth ;
Express the ill with down-cast eye,
And veil the good with modesty ;



Drawn by R. H. Anderson

QUE GENUS. IN SEARCH OF SERVICE.

Though, if you can with prudence poke
Into your tale a funny joke,
Fear not, 'tis what his humour loves,
As his own daily chit-chat proves ;
And while he does his bev'rage quaff,
At what he says—be sure you laugh.
But should you not his service suit,
He will not play the churlish brute ;
And if not gone too far astray,
May serve you in some other way.
Thus you must see I do my best—
To Fortune I shall leave the rest :
But now I see *Sir Jeff'ry* enter,
And I must leave you to your venture."

Sharpsight then after humbly greeting
This huge man-mountain of good eating,
For a few minutes in his ear,
Told that which he alone could hear.
The Knight then cast a curious eye
On Johnny, who was standing by,
And just enquir'd from whence he came,
What was his age, and what his name ;
Whom he had serv'd, and why he left
The place of which he was bereft ?

QUÆ GENUS.

"If, Sir, it were not thought too free,
If I might take the liberty,
I would not wish you here to wait
While I my strange condition state,
As it would take an hour or more,
My various story to explore ;
Tho' 'tis not such, that I should fear
The tale to tell or you to hear :

You, who will kind allowance make
For wants that press, and hearts that ache,
And passions that restraint disdain
When justice sues, and sues in vain ;
And 'tis to that tale I refer
For name, for age and character,
Whom I have serv'd, and what the scene
Where my frail manhood's years have been :
And if you will but condescend
To my young hist'ry to attend,
And will not the fond hope deny me,
That you, good Sir, will take and try me,
And let my rude, misgotten shape
From your observance to escape,
You will command,—I will obey ;
When you may see from day to day,
How far, Sir, I may make pretence
To your good grace and confidence."

"Then be it so," the Knight replied,
"I trust I may be satisfied.
I'm told there's something droll about you,
But droll'ry will not make me scout you ;
Nor do I mind, my friend, the pack,
Which you now wear upon your back :
We're rather equal on that score—
Your's is behind, and mine's before ;
Nay, when of both I take a view,
Mine is the larger of the two."

QUÆ GENUS, with a ready grace,
Lifted his hat to hide his face ;
But still he so arrang'd the screen
That his gay visage might be seen ;

Which seem'd to burst as from the hit
Of the fat Knight's spontaneous wit,
Who chuckled first, and then made known
His further will to laughing John.

SIR JEFFERY.

"Be punctual;—at the hour of ten
We will, to-morrow, meet again;
When I will hear, without delay,
The whole which you have got to say:
But know, you will offend my feeling
If you should shuffle from plain dealing.
I'm serious now:—on that depends,
How far we may continue friends."

QUÆ GENUS fail'd not, at the hour,
To pass *Sir Jeff'ry's* chamber door;
Where, seated in a cushion'd chair
As large as some post-chaises are,
And though it may be strange to tell,
The Knight contriv'd to fill it well;
He seem'd attentive to peruse
The pages of the daily news:
When, with a look and with a loll,
As if he thought on something droll,
And in a sort of pleasant glee,
He thus commenc'd the colloquy.—

SIR JEFFERY.

"First, I must ask to know your name,
Your parentage, and whence you came;
And when these trifling things are past,
The master whom you liv'd with last."

QUÆ GENUS.

“QUÆ GENUS, is the name I bear.”

SIR JEFFERY.

“QUÆ GENUS? ’tis a name so rare,
It never met my ear or eye,
If I can trust my memory.
I mean the surname that you own,
By which your family is known :
Not what your sponsor’s pedant hammer
Beat into use from Lilly’s grammar.
I want your father’s name.”—

QUÆ GENUS.

“’Twere well !

If I that honour’d name could tell ;
I must suppose that such a creature
Was form’d in her own way, by Nature !
That I had parents must be true ;
A father and a mother too,
But who they were I never heard,
Nor has the secret yet appear’d :
They’re known to Heaven,—but to me
My birth’s a perfect mystery :
Though this I’m sure that I can tell—
It was not worth a miracle.”

SIR JEFFERY.

“By whom, then, was QUÆ GENUS given ?”

QUÆ GENUS.

“By one who is a saint in Heaven ;
If ever mortal beings go
To bliss above, from ills below :

For, had th' Attorney been in town,
 Who did those very chambers own,
 I doubt what might have been my fate :
 The thing was strange—the hour was late ;
 The work-house might be distant far,
 And dubious been the nursings there.
 But one, perchance, possess'd the floor
 When I was laid beside the door,
 Who would have felt a crying sin
 Had he not ta'en the stranger in.
 When I this pictur'd figure view,
 So innocent—so helpless too,
 A smile's contending with a tear,
 On seeing what I now appear :
 A pretty figure for a casket,—
 A little Falstaff in the basket.”

SIR JEFFERY.

“Further of this you need not tell,
 I know the curious story well ;
 At least as far as there appears
 In what regards your infant years,
 And all that did your fate betide,
 Till your good friend the Doctor died.
 —But now,—Of *Masters* name the last
 Whom you have serv'd for some time past.”

QUÆ GENUS.

“*Masters*, an' please you, I had none,
 And *Mistresses*, I had but one :
 Indeed, Sir, it may not be civil,
 But O, she is a very devil,
 Which I am sure you will allow
 Soon as you come her name to know,
 Tho' oft and oft, and o'er and o'er,
 You must have heard it spoke before,

But not in any pressing hour
 Have you been subject to her power.
 It might not be a thing of course
 But I her servant was perforce,
 For sure as my name is QUÆ GENUS
 There seem'd a contract made between us ;
 And her sad service I must rue,
 If I come not to live with you ;
 With her I must continue still,
 If it proves not your gen'rous will,
 To receive me, Sir, from her
 With what she gives of character,
 For she sometimes can make pretence
 To ask heart-felt benevolence."

SIR JEFFERY.

"This is most strange, I do declare !
 But pray what figure did she bear
 While you th' unwilling servant were ? "

QUÆ GENUS.

"An ever-varying form she wore,
 As ever changeful Proteus bore :
 But or in motion she, or still ;
 Her ev'ry hour is mark'd with ill.
 She looks best pleas'd when sorrow flows,
 She can disdain when virtue bows :
 Labour and penury and pain
 And sad disease compose her train,
 While vain complaint and discontent
 Form her pale-fac'd establishment."

SIR JEFF'RY now let loose a smile
 As if some fancy did beguile
 And play upon his easy thought,
 With light, amusive mischief fraught ;

And this sarcastic question prov'd
 The pleasantry *Sir Jeff'ry* lov'd.
 "When she was in a spiteful humour,
 What said she of that *pretty tumour* ?
 The which without a wish to pry,
 Must sometimes meet her wand'ring eye.
 Did she ne'er stroke your circling back,
 Nor e'er salute it with a smack ;
 Or when she was dispos'd to sneer
 Compare it to a Hemisphere,
 Deck it with sun and moon and stars,
 With Venus, Mercury and Mars,
 Or cover with her liv'ry's robe
 The Continents of half the Globe ;
 Or like an Atlas, did she flout you
 As you bore half the world about you,
 When you might show it as a sight,
 And gain no common profit by't ;
 Blend with the Panorama's skill,
 In all the pride of printed bill,
 Deliver'd with a ready hand
 Through Leic'ster-fields or in the Strand."

The Knight's loud laughter then succeeded,—
 And Johnny laughing too, proceeded.

"How happy you who thus can joke
 And wrap me in your funny cloak,
 Nay, when your mirth, Sir, may think fit,
 Can fill my crooked back with wit ;
 Can even make me almost proud,
 Of that self-same prepost'rous load.
 You may, perhaps, be not aware,
 But 'tis the truth which I declare,
 I would serve you for half the wages
 Which common servitude engages,

Provided you would pay the rest
 In such nice puns and merry jest ;
 I would with joy sign the receipt,
 For half in cash, and half in wit."

" Well, well, go on," *Sir Jeff'ry* said,
 While his glad, twinkling eyes betray'd,
 How much QUÆ GENUS pleas'd his fancy
 At this so flatt'ring necromancy.
 —While the Knight his cold coffee quaffing,
 But still at his own fancies laughing,
 Exclaim'd, " proceed, but be it known,
 I wish the lady's hist'ry done,
 And then you will conclude your own." }

QUÆ GENUS.

" When she first knew me she could see
 A form as strait as poplar tree,
 Then I was ruddy, fair and plump,
 Nor was my back crown'd with a hump,
 Of which you may not be aware,
 For hang the hag, she plac'd it there,
 And you, good Sir, shall shortly know,
 How to her power the gift I owe."

SIR JEFFERY.

" The more I hear, the more I see,
 The more you deal in mystery.
 This Mistress, sure, of which you tell,
 Is an INCOMPREHENSIBLE !
 A widow she, or is she wedded ?
 Or e'er by blushing Hymen bedded ? "

QUÆ GENUS.

" O no, Sir, no.—She is more common
 Than is the worst street-walking woman.

There's scarce a mortal about town
 To whom this Mistress is not known ;
 And if the track I should pursue,
 I might add in the country too.
 But 'tis a keen wit that unravels
 The wide extent of all her travels ;
 Nor time nor space has she to spare,
 She's here and there and ev'ry where.
 Though if I at a guess may venture
 Beneath this roof she will not enter,
 Unless, as you the chance may see,
 The saucy minx comes here with me."

SIR JEFFERY.

"But one more question I've to ask,
 Ere you perform your promis'd task,
 And tell me from all shuffling free,
 The items of your history,
 Up to the moment when you stand
 A candidate for my command.
 And now QUÆ GENUS tell the name
 Of this same universal dame,
 Whom you, poor fellow, have been serving,
 And, as you state it, almost starving.
 —If in your tale she does agree,
 It is a tale of mystery ;
 Some fairy fable, I suppose,
 That paints, in emblems, human woes,
 And does in figur'd words, apply
 To your peculiar history.
 It is not in the usual way
 That such as you their state display ;
 It is not in such borrow'd guise
 That they unfold their histories,
 With here and there a little bit
 Of droll'ry to shew off their wit ;

It is not in this form I see
 Those who may wear my livery ;
 But your's I feel a diff'rent case
 From those who come to seek a place ;
 Or when the register may send him,
 With, ' Sir, we beg to recommend him.'
 I now bethink me of the sage
 Who lov'd you in your tender age ;
 And when I see you have a claim
 To share the page that marks his fame,
 SYNTAX, that highly honour'd name
 A passport is, my good QUÆ GENUS,
 To the familiar talk between us. }
 From that relation which you share,
 No longer stand, but take a chair,
 And now proceed, without delay,
 To close the tale in your own way.

" And once again, I ask the name
 Of this so universal dame ;
 What is her fortune,—where she lives,
 And the strange means by which she thrives ?
 Where she acquires her wond'rous power,
 Which you describe, o'er ev'ry hour ?
 Where it began, my curious friend ;
 Then tell me, pray, when it will end."

With due respect, as was requir'd,
 He took the chair for he was tir'd,
 And calling truth to be his guide,
 He thus in solemn tone replied.

QUÆ GENUS.

" Miss-FORTUNE is the name she bears,
 Her rent-roll's form'd of sighs and tears :

She doth not live or here or there,
 I fear, Sir, she lives ev'ry where.
 I'm sure that I know not the ground
 Where her sad influence is not found ;
 But if a circle should appear
 Beyond her arbitrary sphere, }
 I feel and hope, Sir, it is here. }
 —This worn-out coat, Sir, which you see,
 Is the kind Lady's livery :
 I once was fat, but now am thin,
 Made up of nought but bone and skin ;
 I once was large but now am small,
 From feeding in her servants'-hall,
 And the hump I shall ever bear
 Is an example of her care.
 As for the blessed Dame's beginning,
 I've heard that it began in sinning,
 And I have learn'd that she will end
 When this vile world has learn'd to mend ;
 But if we guess when that may be,
 We may guess to eternity."

"MISS-FORTUNE!! Heav'ns! O thus she's
 nam'd,"

The Knight, with uplift eyes exclaim'd.
 "O the dull head, not to have seen
 What the *Finale* must have been !"
 Then clasping hands and chuckling first
 Into a bellowing laugh he burst,
 Though not to his broad face confin'd,
 But on each side, before, behind,
 It seem'd as if his whimsies bound him,
 In a joyous circle round him :
 His belly trembles, his sides ache,
 And the great-chair scarce stands the shake.

'Twas a hoarse, deep bass, note of mirth,
 To which his fancy thus gave birth ;
 And Johnny fail'd not to come after
 An octave higher in his laughter,
 While his delight appear'd to speak
 In somewhat of a treble squeak.—
 Thus, for some minutes they enjoy'd
 The *Duo* which their nerves employ'd.

Sir Jeff'ry shook his head awhile,
 Then spoke with a complacent smile.

“ Though in a diff'ring point of view,
 I know her just as well as you ;
 And hang the hag she plagues me too. }
 Need I, good fellow, need I tell ye,
 She deck'd me out with this great belly ;
 'Tis she, by way of friendly treat,
 Has given this pair of gouty feet ;
 Nay sometimes when her whim commands
Miss-Fortune robs me of my hands :
 'Tis she with her intention vile
 That makes me overflow with bile ;
 And tho' my table's spread with plenty
 Of ev'ry nice and costly dainty,
 She sometimes envies me a bite,
 And takes away my appetite.
 She does not meddle with my wealth,
 But then she undermines my health ;
 She never in my strong box looks,
 Nor pries into my banker's books ;
 My ample fortune I contrive
 To guard with care and make it thrive,
 I check her power to destroy it,
 But then she says, ' you sha'n't enjoy it ;

I will take care you shall endure
 The ills and pains gold cannot cure.
 Or leagu'd with wrinkled age at least,
 She strives to interrupt the feast.
 —But with her malice I contend,
 Where she's a foe, I'm oft a friend,
 And, with the weapons I can wield,
 I sometimes drive her from the field.
 Nay when she does the victim clasp,
 I snatch it from her cruel grasp.
 And thus you see, or more or less,
 I make her prove my happiness."

QUÆ GENUS.

"There was indeed a time when I
 Knew her but by warm sympathy
 With those who did her burthen bear,
 Which I have since been forc'd to share ;
 But this, at least, I'm pleas'd to own,
 And 'tis a truth to you well known,
 Nay, this I'll say, in others' breast,
 Where'er the virtue is possess'd,
 She does, as I have felt, and see,
 Awake benign Humanity."

SIR JEFFERY.

"And she shall 'wake it now, QUÆ GENUS !
 An instant contract's made between us.
 I break that which she made with you,
 And gladly you abjure it too.
 I have no doubt, my friend, to venture ;
 Into my service you shall enter,
 Your ills at present shall be o'er,
Miss-Fortune you shall serve no more.
 At least, I say, while you contrive
 By your good deeds with me to live :

I'll save you from your late disaster
 And change your mistress for a master.
 I want no bowings, no grimaces,
 No blessings that I've chang'd your places.
 —I now remind you to relate
 All that has been your various fate,
 Nay, all that you have ever known,
 Since time and freedom were your own.
 —I tell you, *Johnny*, speak the truth ;
 I know what follies wait on youth :
 I know where erring passion leads,
 On what a slipp'ry ground it treads :
 I can remember that I fail'd
 When the gay, tempting world prevail'd ;
 Nor shall I now the thought conceal,
 Which reason tells me to reveal.
 What Heaven forgives should be forgiven
 By all who look with hope tow'rs Heaven :
 But I expect not faults alone,
 I trust in what you may have done,
 There may work out a little fun. }
 —If I guess right your lively eye }
 Was not exactly made to cry,
 But sometimes call forth pleasantry ; }
 Of diff'ring thoughts to ope the vein,
 Let pleasure forth or lessen pain.
 But still do not your mischiefs hide,
 Throughout your tale, be truth your guide ;
 Nor make *Miss-Fortune* though she starves,
 Worse, by the bye, than she deserves,
 For after all her misdeeds past,
 The Dame may do you good at last.
 —Deceive me, and you will offend,
 Deceive me, and you lose a friend :
 Try to deceive me and again
 You'll join *Miss-Fortune's* pale-fac'd train.

Proceed then, and, without a fear,
 Pour thy misdoings in my ear
 And I will with indulgence hear. }
 I'll not discard you for the evil,
 Though you should prove a little devil,
 Though to your hump you should not fail,
 To add your horns and hoofs and tail ;
 Though you should prove a bag of sin,
 And hump'd without be hump'd within,
 Here you shall have your home, your food ;
 Kick at *Miss-Fortune*, and be good."

He spoke, then rang the shrill-ton'd bell,
 Which did its well-known message tell.—
 A tray appear'd, and well prepar'd,
 Which *Johnny* with *Sir Jeff'ry* shar'd.
 When, waving his beflannell'd hand,
 The knight thus utter'd his command.
 "And now, thou little Imp of Sin,
 Without a compliment begin."

QUÆ GENUS.

"The Volume that now lies before ye,
 Tells you thus far, Sir, of my story ;
 Which would be upon this occasion
 A work of supererogation ;
 Though I shall beg leave to repeat,
 I'm not the new-born of the street ;
 But as it never yet appear'd,
 At least, as I have ever heard,
 To such unknown, unfather'd heirs,
 I am a Foundling of *the stairs*,
 Without a mark upon the dress,
 By which there might be form'd a guess,
 Whether I should the offspring prove
 Of noble or of vulgar love ;

Whether thus left in Inn of Court
Where Lawyers live of ev'ry sort ;
Love in a deep full-bottom clad,
Gave me a grave black-letter'd dad,
Who, if 'twere so, might not agree
To have a child without a fee ;
And, therefore, would not plead my cause,
But left me to the vagrant laws
Of chance, who did not do amiss,
But sued in *Formā Pauperis*,
And, in a Court where Mercy reign'd,
The little Foundling's cause was gain'd :
SYNTAX was judge, and pity's power
Sav'd me in that forsaken hour.
He with that truly Christian spirit,
Which Heaven gave him to inherit,
Fondly embrac'd me as his own ;
But ere three transient years were gone,
I lost my friend, but found another,
A father he, and she, a mother ;
For such at least they both have prov'd,
And as their child the stranger lov'd.
O, rest her soul !—to her 'tis given
To share his happy lot in Heaven.
I seem'd to be her utmost pride,
And Johnny trotting by her side,
Fill'd with delight her glancing eye
In warm affection's sympathy.
This fond, this kind, this fost'ring friend
Did to my ev'ry want attend ;
Her only fault, she rather spoil'd
As he grew up, the darling child ;
But though her care was not confin'd
Or to his body, or his mind,
Though, with a fond parental view,
She gave to both th' attention due,

Ne'er would she her displeasure fix
On his most wild, unlucky tricks.
So that at church he held grave airs,
Pronounc'd Amen, and said his pray'rs,
And on a Sunday evening read
A sermon ere they went to bed,
Throughout the week, he was quite free
For mischief with impunity.
—If on the folk I squirted water,
How she would shake her sides with laughter ;
If the long-rotten eggs were thrown
At Mary, Sally, or at Joan ;
If any stinging stuff was put
Into the hasty trav'ller's boot ;
If the sly movement of the heel
Should overturn the spinning-wheel.
—If holly plac'd beside the rose
Should wound the gay sheep-shearer's nose,
Or 'neath the tail a thorn-bush pricking,
Should set Dame Dobbins' mare a kicking,
And overthrow the market load,
While beans and peas o'erspread the road,
If the poor injur'd made complaint
To Madam of her wily saint,
She would reply, ' pray cease your noise,
These are the tricks of clever boys,
It is my pleasant Johnny's fun,
Tell me the damage, and have done.'
—When I became a rosy boy,
My growth encreas'd her growing joy ;
But now such gamesome hours were o'er
I play'd my childish tricks no more.
My little heart 'gan to beat high,
And with heroic ardor try
The tempting danger to pursue,
And do what others could not do :

I sought to climb the highest tree,
 Where none would dare to follow me,
 Or the gay sporting horse to ride,
 Which no school-fellow dare bestride.
 My feats were sometimes rather scaring,
 But the Dame lov'd to see me daring ;
 As by my running, leaping, walking,
 I us'd to set the parish talking,
 And, to the good old women's wonder,
 I fear'd not lightning nor thunder.
 She thought, in future time, my name
 By some achievement bold, might claim
 A loud blast in the trump of fame.

“ When, as a youth, how great the charm
 To lean upon his willing arm,
 Or when she wish'd to take the air,
 To guide her poney in the chair ;
 To fetch her book, to place her stool,
 Or bear the *laden ridicule* :
 To chat, to laugh, to sing, to read,
 As whims or wishes might succeed :
 And I am proud to make it known
 Her ev'ry pleasure was my own ;
 And all to please her I could do,
 Was joy, as it was duty too.

“ Here now my better story ends—
 So far, I trust, Sir, we are friends :
 But I could almost wish me dumb,
 When I must tell of what's to come.”

Sir Jeffery, half-laughing, said,
 “ *Johnny*, I pray, be not afraid,
 Whate'er your luckless wit has done,
 I swear I will set down in fun ;

By me, your sins shall be forgiven
As sure as Mercy is in Heaven."

QUÆ GENUS.

"Then, at your pleasure I proceed,
Nor will I hide a single deed ;
There is but one I doubt to own,
But that to you shall be made known,
And will with you securely rest
As in my own uneasy breast ;
Though I'm afraid of vengeful laws
As I believe without a cause.
Indeed, I have contriv'd to play
The very fool for many a day,
But brief, be sure, I'll strive to be
In this my early history.

"And here, an' please you, Sir, begins
The tale of my mishaps—the chapter of my sins."

CANTO II

IT may seem queer when 'tis the will
Of Fate, its wishes to fulfil,
To call the culprit to the bar,
One born beneath a luckless star,
And from his urging conscience tell
The truths that on his mem'ry dwell,
When, like a checquer they display
The black and white to open day.
Thus, as the truth he's bound to state,
The former may preponderate ;
While, in a happy moment bold,
He may some conscious good unfold,
Nor can the awkward task refuse
Both to applaud and to accuse.
—Such thoughts as these might be the cause,
Why poor QUÆ GENUS made a pause.

“Well,” said *Sir Jeffry*, “pray go on,
Or never will your tale have done :
I've told you, and you must attend ;
You tell your story to a friend,
Who will, whatever may appear,
With kindness and compassion hear.”

QUÆ GENUS.

“Your pardon, Sir, I will proceed,
Nor stop till I've perform'd the deed.

— Thus, so far Fortune deck'd with smiles
The season which our youth beguiles,
And gave the hope of added measure
To gay delight and solid pleasure :
But while the merry song went round,
And to the tabor's lively sound,
The village did in cadence beat,
With all its many twinkling feet,
Pale Fate appear'd, in cypress wreath,
And call'd out for the DANCE OF DEATH :
When my dear friend, who gave the feast,
And cheer'd with smiles each happy guest,
Was borne away, I scarce knew why,
But I was told,—it was to die.
And soon, alas ! I wond'ring saw
All govern'd by a man of law,
With whom she seldom converse held,
But when her private cares compell'd
Some petty, trifling, legal aid,
Which coolly she discharg'd and paid.
'Twas by this man's exulting side
I walk'd along and sobb'd and sigh'd
When she was carried to the bourne
From whence we mortals ne'er return.
—I was by all around approv'd,
And by the better neighbours lov'd,
While I in ev'ry eye could see
The pity that was felt for me.
By her death-bed he held the quill
That made him master of her will,
While a round sum was written there
To pay him for the tender care
Which he of her sweet boy would take,
For her's and her dear husband's sake.
Husband ! whom this same man of law,
This forging rascal never saw :

Indeed by many it was thought
He put his name where he ought not.
It much surpriz'd each curious friend,
And quite astonish'd *Doctor Bend*,
Whose rev'rend titles should have been
Where the foul lawyer's name was seen.
Wrong was suspected, Counsel had,
But no objection could be made,
And by all forms of law allied,
The will was shap'd and testified :
The attorney to his duties swore,
So he became Executor.
'Tis true she left her all to me,
But here and there a legacy ;
Though, such were this strange will's commands
Through *Lawyer Gripe-all's* grasping hands,
All was to pass and there remain
Till I the age of man attain ;
And if I chanc'd to die before,—
The lawyer was to take the store.
All saw, or all believ'd the cheat,
But the law veil'd the base deceit,
And when the doctor came to see
How justice might be done to me,
On due reflection, thought it fit,
As things were order'd, to submit ;
Told me, at present, to be quiet,
To seem content, nor breed a riot,
But when I truely crav'd a friend,
I knew the home of *Dickey Bend* :
Then with affection's warmth caress'd me,
And, with a parent's blessing, bless'd me.

“ From that dear cottage now I mov'd,
Where I such tender fondness prov'd ;

From a calm scene of taste refin'd,
 And all that could improve the mind ;
 Where daily blessings were bestow'd
 From all the humble neighbourhood ;
 Where heart-felt goodness was employ'd,
 And social harmony enjoy'd ;—
 From these QUÆ GENUS was transferr'd
 To where the daily curse was heard,
 Where the law's promise was delay'd,
 And money for injustice paid ;
 Or a loud, base, malignant joy,
 Which the law's triumphs might employ ;—
 To an old house that stood alone,
 With ivy and with moss o'ergrown,
 And where the practiser of laws
 Did his foul deeds 'mid bats and daws ;
 Nay, which, as fame reports, was worse,
 The house was saddled with a curse,
 That *Gripe-all*, in the law's despite,
 Had robb'd some widow of her right,
 And, by his cutting and his carving,
 Had got the house—and left her starving.

“Oft I my loss, in secret, wept,
 And when my eyelids should have slept,
 Nay, when those eyelids should have clos'd
 And I in strength'ning sleep repos'd,
 They remain'd wakeful oft and shed
 Their dews upon my troubled bed.
 Though Master *Gripe-all*, it was known
 Shew'd me a kindness not his own ;
 And did with all indulgence treat me,
 As the best means, at length, to cheat me.
 He strove my early grief to soothe,
 Call'd me his dear, delightful youth ;

Gave me a pretty horse to ride,
 With money in my purse beside ;
 Let me employ the taylor's art
 To deck me out and make me smart,
 Let me just study when I pleas'd,
 Nor e'er my mind with learning teas'd.
 But still a gnawing discontent
 Prey'd on me wheresoe'er I went.
 —Of Phillis too I was bereft,
 One real pleasure that was left :
 A fav'rite spaniel of my friend,
 That did on all my steps attend,
 At eve was frisking, fond and gay,
 But on the sad succeeding day,
 A poison'd, swollen form it lay. }
 It might be chance, but while I griev'd,
 The following letter I received,
 Which was thrown o'er a hedge the while
 I sat half weeping on a stile.
 The writer I could never tell ;
 But he who wrote it meant me well ;
 And I've no doubt that it contain'd
 The thoughts which through the country reign'd."

LETTER.

"I'm a poor man, but yet can spell,
 And I lov'd Madam SYNTAX well : }
 —But I've a sorry tale to tell.
 Young 'Squire you're in the Devil's hands,
 Or one who yields to his commands,
 And who, I'm certain, would be bold
 In bloody deeds, if 'tis for gold.
 Halts he fears, but the base wretch
 Fears no one mortal but JACK KETCH :
 Yet what with quirks and such like flaws,
 He can contrive to cheat the laws :

*Though Madam's hand the will might sign,
 It is no more her will than mine.
 Some say, as she lay on her bed,
 The deed was sign'd when she was dead,
 And I've heard some one say, whose name
 I must not give to common fame,
 He'd lay ten pounds and say, 'have done,'
 You liv'd not on to twenty-one;
 And if you die before, 'tis known,
 That Madam's money's all his own.
 Nay, how he did the will compose,
 'Tis Beelzebub alone who knows!
 He in a lonely mansion lives,
 But there the cunning villain thrives:
 Yes, he gets on, as it appears,
 By setting people by the ears:
 Though I have heard NAN MIDWIFE say,
 Who sometimes travels late that way,
 That 'neath the yew, near the house wall,
 Where the dark ivy's seen to crawl,
 A cat she once saw which was half
 As big as any full-grown calf,
 And with her tail beat down the bushes,
 As if they were but slender rushes;
 Has often felt sulphureous steam,
 And seen bright lines of lightning gleam.
 These things the good, old woman, swears
 She sometimes smells and sees and hears,
 While thus all trembling with affright,
 She scarce can get her bald mare by't.
 —Run off, young 'Squire, for much I fear
 You'll be cut off, if you stay here.
 My service thus I do commend,
 From, Sir, your very humble friend:
 And hope you will take in good part,
 What comes from poor but honest heart!"*

“This plain epistle told no more
Than had been hinted at before ;
But though I was too bold to fear
That danger of such kind was near,
Yet still the honest counsel brought
My mind to a new range of thought.

“One day as I was riding out,
Prowling the country round about,
A guide-post stood, in letter'd pride,
Close by the dusty high-road side :
With many towns for passage fam'd,
Oxford upon its points was nam'd,
Which instant call'd me to attend
To my kind patron *Doctor Bend* :
And then there 'rose within my breast
A thought that reason did suggest,
And not th' effect of boyish whim,
'*Tb' Attorney quit and fly to him.*'—
—Soon after, by a lucky chance,
I heard what made my heart to dance,
That *Cerberus* would be from home,
At least for sev'ral days to come,
Though, when of me he took his leave,
He said, 'expect me home at eve,
But, as talk may the way beguile,'
He added, 'ride with me a mile.'
—This was the very thing I wish'd,
For now I felt the fox was dish'd.
He rode on first and bade me follow,
'Twas then that I began to hollow ;
I had but one *white lie* to tell
And all things would be going well.
I said it was my guardian's whim
That I should make the tour with him,

And ask'd for a clean shirt or so
 As I had such a way to go.
 Thus my great-coat, most closely roll'd,
 Did all the useful package hold,
 And to the saddle strongly tied
 I was completely satisfied,
 As nought appear'd, thus pack'd together,
 But a protection from the weather,
 So that the lawyer's lynx's eye
 Was clos'd on curiosity:
 For Madam Gripe-all's ready care
 Did, to my wish, the whole prepare.
 Indeed, whatever she might be,
 Her kindness never fail'd to me.
 She frequently would call me son,
 And say she lov'd me as her own;
 Nay, when the clock struck, she would say,
 'Kiss me as often, dear, I pray
 As that same clock is heard to strike,
 And oft'ner, dearest, if you like.'
 Though such favour ne'er was shown,
 But when we both were quite alone,
 And seldom when the clock struck one. }
 Her fondness I could well have stinted,
 For, to say truth, she smelt and squinted:
 But I remember'd that she cried,
 When my poor, little Phillis died.

"I felt my airing rather droll,
 Jogging with *Gripe-all* cheek-by-jowl,
 And hearing him, with no great awe,
 Expound the secrets of the law.
 —When arriv'd at seven miles' end
 He smil'd and said, 'Good bye, my friend:
 Now homewards you will turn and tell,
 That thus far you have left me well.'

I left him with a hope, how vain !
I ne'er might see his face again.
My spur did sprightly poney goad
Till I had got into the road
Which did to Oxford's city lead,
When I restrain'd my foaming steed,
And, calmly pacing on my way,
Ere *Great Tom* toll'd the following day,
I had embrac'd my rev'rend friend
And kindest patron, *Doctor Bend*.

“ I told a simple, artless tale,
That seem'd completely to prevail,
As I beheld his face the while
Beam with a kind, approving smile.
‘ ’Tis a bold trick,’ the Doctor said,
‘ Which you, my lively spark, have play’d,
But since to College you are come,
I’ll try to make the place your home ;
Where I should hope you need not fear
To be cut short in your career ;
I think, at least, we may engage
To keep you safe till you’re of age,
When I shall leave you to the struggling
With *Gripe-all’s* artifice and juggling :
But still the cunning lawyer knows
I have good friends ’mong some of those
Who lead the bar or have a seat
Where the keen eye detects a cheat.
He will, I doubt not, swear and curse,
Nay, he may say you’ve stole his horse ;
But if he meets with no disaster,
In two days he shall see his master,
And John will have a strict command
To give a letter to his hand

THE HISTORY OF

Which I shall with due caution write
 Before I seek my bed to-night,
 And if my mental eye sees clear
 Will fix my friend QUÆ GENUS here.
 John met the lawyer on the road,
 Just as he reach'd his own abode,
 And ere at home he could have heard
 Of my escape a single word :
 Told him at once all he could tell,
 That I at Oxford was, and well,
 Where as I stay'd, I had of course,
 With many thanks return'd his horse,
 John said, he rather look'd confus'd
 As the epistle he perus'd.

—Whether it bore a kind request
 I should with ALMA MATER rest,
 Or any hint that might apply
 To the High Court of Chancery :
 If soothing it contain'd or threat,
 I never knew or I forget,—
 With all submission it was met. }
 To all it ask'd he did agree,
 And sent his kind regards to me,
 While he his counsel did commend
 Not to run off from *Doctor Bend*,
 Nor e'er be govern'd by the whim
 That made me run away from him.

“Thus soon in Scholar's cap and gown,
 I was seen saunt'ring up and down
 The High-Street of fair Oxford Town.
 And though I stood not first in fame,
 I never bore an idler's name.
 I was content, nay 'twas my pride
 The Doctor ne'er was heard to chide,



Painted by Howard Chandler Christy

QUE GENUS AT OXFORD .





Which, as your Oxford youths can tell,
 Was getting onward rather well.
 My friends, the WORTHIES, near the Lake,
 Lov'd me for DOCTOR SYNTAX' sake,
 And, free from e'en a speck of care,
 I pass'd a short-liv'd Summer there.
 —But time, as it is us'd, roll'd on,
 And I, at length, was twenty-one.

“I now became a man of cares
 To bear the weight of my affairs,
 To know my fortune's full amount,
 And to arrange a clear account
 Between the vile, rapacious elf,
 The *Lawyer Gripe-all* and myself.
 —No sooner to the place I came,
 Soon as was heard my well-known name,
 The bells my coming did proclaim,
 And had I stay'd the following day,
 I would have made the village gay!
 Thus *Gripe-all* was full well prepar'd
 And put at once upon his guard.
 I went unwittingly alone
 To claim my right and ask my own,
 Though arm'd, to cut the matter short,
 With an enliv'ning dose of Port,
 While he was ready to display
 The spirit of the law's delay.
 —A step, he said, he could not stir
 Without Baptismal Register,
 And many a proof he must receive,
 Which well he knew I could not give;
 And till these papers I could shew,
 He must remain in *Statu quo*.
 But still, as a kind, gen'rous friend,
 And from respect to *Doctor Bend*,

He would, though cash did not abound,
Advance me then *four hundred pound.*
I took the notes and thought it best
To wait the settling of the rest ;
But soon I saw, as I'm alive,
That I had sign'd receipt for *five.*
My fingers caught the fraudulent paper,
At which he 'gan to fume and vapour,
And let loose language full of ire,
Such as 'you bastard, rascal, liar,'
On which I caught him by the nose,
And gave the wretch some heavy blows,
Nay, as the blood ran down his face,
I dash'd the ink all in his face,
So that his figure might have done
E'en for the pit of Acheron.
Inky black and bloody red
Was o'er his ghastly visage spread,
As he lay senseless on the floor,
And, as I then thought, breath'd no more.
—The office, now a scene of blood,
Most haply in the garden stood,
So that our scene of sanguine riot
Did not disturb domestic quiet :
The notes were in my pocket stor'd,
And the receipt was in the hoard ;
But as I now believ'd him dead,
I thought of being hang'd—and fled.
Nor did I make the whisky wait
Which then stood at the garden gate.
The driver who there held the reins,
Took me through many secret lanes
And woodland roads, that might evade
Pursuit, if any should be made.
He had an humble play-mate been
When I was sportive on the green ;



Drawn by Rowlandson

CONFLICT BETWEEN QUE GENUS & LAWYER GRIFEAIL.

U. O. MIC

But now, like me, to manhood grown,
Was as a skilful driver known ;
And would have gone to serve QUÆ GENUS
Though fire and water were between us.
I told him all the fears I felt,
And how I had with *Gripe-all* dealt ;
Nay, urg'd him, if I were pursued,
To cheat the blood-hounds, if he could, }
All which he mainly swore he would. }
Nay, hop'd I'd given him such a drubbing,
As to send him Beelzebubbing ;
Though, first or last, he sure would go
To his relations down below.

“ Thus as we talk'd a mail-coach pass'd,
And as I could not go too fast,
I found, perchance, an empty seat,
And thus I made a quick retreat ;
Nay should, in eight and forty hours,
By the wheels' ever-rolling powers,
Have a secure retirement found,
Safe from pursuit, on Scottish ground.
But as Misfortune, it is said,
Calls in associates to her aid,
And, indeed, is seldom known
To pay her visits all alone ;
So either from the sultry weather,
Or anxious thoughts, or both together,
I was stopp'd short in my career,
By intermitting fits severe
Of heat and cold : a Galen came,
And Julep was the good man's name,
For truly good he prov'd to me
In skill and in humanity.
'Tis not,' he said, 'disease alone,
Which various symptoms have made known,

But they're encreasing as I find,
 By a disturb'd and anxious mind,
 And if that cannot be subdued,
 Med'cine will do but little good.'
 I therefore, my distresses told,
 In short, my story did unfold,
 While, as I spoke, in his kind eye,
 I saw the tear of sympathy,
 And did beneath his roof receive
 The care that pitying skill could give.

"The fever wag'd a painful strife,
 A struggling chance 'tween Death and Life,
 That play'd upon my yielding spine,
 Which did to outward curve incline :
 I felt the mark would ne'er forsake
 Its cruel seat upon my back ;
 I bent beneath the foul disaster
 That ne'er would yield to any plaister :
 Nor medicine, nor knife can cure it,
 And must struggle to endure it.
 Thus when restor'd to health and vigour,
 I was become a crook-back'd figure :
 My former round and healthful face
 Had lost its plump, its rosy grace,
 And was reduc'd from this same cause
 To pale and lean and lantern jaws,
 That none who once QUÆ GENUS knew
 Would recollect him on the view ;
 Nor e'en would recognition wait
 Though he should pass by *Gripe-all's* gate.
 When in the glass I chanc'd to view,
 The figure I now scarcely knew,
 I shudder'd and despis'd it too. }
 —'At length,' said *Julep*, 'I commend,
 Ere you depart, a worthy friend,

A lawyer too, nay, do not start,
Whose well-stor'd head and honest-heart,
Throughout his life were ne'er disjoin'd,
And in his practice are combin'd
The cause of truth and right to aid ;
Who ne'er has heard the poor upbraid
His conscious dealings, while 'tis known,
The wealthy do his virtues own.
Thus, as your fate has been accurs'd,
Of legal dealers, with the worst ;
You now may, as by all confess'd,
Obtain good counsel from the best.

“ On such a character intent,
To Lawyer *Make-peace* thus I went,
And told my curious story o'er
As I have told it you before.
With a keen look my face he ey'd,
And in a gentle tone replied.
' If the good man you thus have bang'd,
You may contemplate being hang'd ;
But, as the case to me appears,
I trust you may dismiss your fears ;
For even now you do not know
What evil follow'd from the blow ;
And though some blood may have been spill'd,
It follows not the man was kill'd :
Besides, whatever ill was done,
There was no witness, no not one
To prove which of you was in fault,
Who first provok'd or gave th' assault ;
And if, my friend, you had not fled
You need not fear, though he were dead.
—No advertisement has appear'd
To state the crime, as I have heard,

And surely I've the means to know
 If any measures had been so.
 But still, remember, I advise
 That you move under a disguise,
 'Till time and chance have drawn aside
 That veil that does these threat'nings hide,
 Which, in your present dubious state,
 May on your wary footsteps wait.
 Change your dress and change your name,
 For neither now must be the same.'

QUÆ GENUS.

'My dress and name I'll do anon,
 The fever all the rest has done;
 For Doctor *Bend* I would defy
 The fondled Foundling to descry,
 In his mis-shapen misery. }
 JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS, now adieu!
 JACK PAGE I substitute for you!'

LAWYER MAKE-PEACE.

'You have good friends whom you can trust,
 Who to misfortune will be just,
 They will, I doubt not, let you know,
 How you must act and what to do.
 And much I think you have been wrong,
 To have with-held your pen so long.
 Obey me now in all I've said;
 Be secret and be not afraid.'

"He spoke, and, in the kindest way,
 Urg'd me to make no more delay;
 And when I sought to give the fee;
 'No, no,' he said, 'to such as thee
 For mere good words I'm never paid;—
 This is my way of plying trade.

When you have made a fair escape
 From this unlucky, wretched scrape,
 And when you are again restor'd
 To your own happy bed and board ;
 When from all thralldom you are free,
 Then, if it suits, remember me.'

"My notes were sew'd up in my coat,
 For JULEP would not take a groat.
 'When you reach home,' he kindly said ;
 'Like his friend MAKE-PEACE, I'll be paid.'
 Thus I set off, as was my plan,
 Guis'd as a trudging, trav'ling man,
 And in his journey going on
 To seek his fate in London town.
 My needfuls in an oil-cloth sack,
 Were buckled to my wretched back,
 And late at night when the full moon
 In an unclouded brightness shone,
 I left those gen'rous friends behind
 Which such as me so seldom find :
 A Galen, with that goodness fraught,
 Who gave his skill and drugs for nought ;
 And an attorney, whose great aim
 Was to put roguery to shame ;
 Nay, whose superior virtues tell
 The Law can shew a *Miracle*.

"You must, *Sir Jeff'ry*, often see
 The strange effects of vanity ;
 Another you will find in me. }
 You'll scarce believe as I relate
 The folly which I now must state :
 That I've been such a silly elf
 I now can scarce believe myself :

And I could wish I dare conceal
 What duty bids me to reveal.
 —Did not calm prudence whisper now
 To my existing state to bow,
 To tell it all to such a friend
 As I had found in *Doctor Bend*,
 Or a quick pilgrimage to make
 To Worthy-Hall beside the Lake,
 Where, for dear *Doctor Syntax*' sake, }
 The troubled *Foundling* would receive
 All that protecting care could give.
 This was the counsel *Make-peace* gave,
 A lawyer who was not a knave;
 Who would advise without a fee,
 And felt for human misery.
 —This Reason said in lessons strong,
 As I pac'd my still way along,
 When the dull sound of my own feet
 And Philomela's sonnet sweet
 Did on the gen'ral silence break,
 And seem'd to keep the night awake.
 Then VANITY sat pick-a-pack
 Perch'd on the hump upon my back,
 And whisper'd into either ear,
 'Such humbling counsels do not hear.
 Where poor QUÆ GENUS has been known
 His alter'd form must ne'er be shown:
 With this sad shape he never can
 Hold himself forth a gentleman:
 No art can furnish you a cloak
 To hide from pity or from joke.
 If passing on a river's ridge,
 Or, perchance lolling o'er a bridge,
 You gaze upon the stream below
 Whose crystal mirror's seen to flow,

Would not the picture meet your eye
Of your own sad deformity?
At Oxford you would be the talk
Of the High-street or Christ-Church-walk,
While many quizzing fools look round
To view your rising back begown'd.
—How would you bear the wond'ring ken
Of the good folk of Sommerden,
While they with pitying looks lament
The once straight form, but now so bent!
Then leave the world where you have been,
Where I would be no longer seen,
Nor let the jealous eye compare,
What you once was with what you are.
Might I advise, I'd sooner die
Unknown, in humble privacy,
Again,' said whisp'ring vanity, }
'Than e'er appear where I was known
For graces which were then my own,
That pity or that scorn might point
At such a form, so out of joint.'

"I need not say how many days
I sought the bye and secret ways,
For ever list'ning to the tongue
That whisper'd soft and pleaded strong, }
To set each better feeling wrong.
Hence I resign'd myself to chance,
Left fortune, friends, inheritance,
And madly felt that I was hurl'd
Thus mark'd to wander through the world,
To snatch at, and at once receive,
Whate'er the world might chance to give.
'Twas not a whimsey of the brain, }
That did the idle scheme sustain,
'Twas something which I can't explain.

All feeling center'd in the pack
 That had thus risen on my back ;
 And as I felt the burden there,
 It seem'd the seat of ev'ry care,
 Of ev'ry painful thought brimfull,
 Like OLD PANDORA'S *Ridicule*.
 But as every single note
 Which I from *Gripe-all's* grasp had got, }
 Was still secure within my coat,
 I had sufficient means and more
 To travel all the kingdom o'er
 With staff in hand, and well-shod feet, }
 And oil'd umbrella form'd to meet }
 The show'rs that might my passage greet.
 One pocket did a bible hold,
 The other held the story told,
 Which good Æneas did rehearse
 To Dido, in immortal verse ;
 While from a loop before descended
 A flute that oft my hours befriended :
 Thus I with verse, with prose or fist,
 Was scholar, fiddler, methodist.
 As fit occasion might demand,
 I could let Scripture Phrase off-hand,
 Or fine re-sounding verses quote,
 Or play a tune in lively note.
 Thus qualified to cut and carve,
 I need not fear that I should starve ;
 While in some future lucky stage
 Of my uncertain pilgrimage,
 I might have hopes, remov'd from strife,
 To be a fixture for my life.

"Such was the wild, fantastic scheme
 Such was the strange distracted dream,

That, stranger still, rose from the pack
Which chance had fix'd upon my back.
Of friends forgetful, 'twas my plot
That I by friends should be forgot.—
I seem'd to wish that I were thrown
Upon some island yet unknown,
Where crooked figure is the feature
Of all the living, reas'ning nature ;
And where deformity would be
A shape of perfect symmetry ;
Which SWIFT would not have fail'd to spare,
Had his bold fancy wander'd there,
And *Lemuel Gulliver* had been
The visitor of such a scene.

“In this same state I wander'd on,
Grumbling and doubting and alone,
Though some encouragement I met
Which made me whilom cease to fret ;
For, tales I hap'd by chance to know
And pleasant fancies I could show,
With which my active mind was stor'd,
Had sometimes paid my bed and board ;
Nay, had prolong'd my welcome stay
Throughout a grave or lively day.

“One evening by a riv'let's side
That did in gentle murmurs glide,
Where the green turf its carpet spread,
And willow boughs wav'd o'er my head,
I sat reclin'd, nor was my flute,
As I could wake its music, mute :
When a huge waggon pass'd along,
And soon a chorus join'd the song.
Invited by the social strain,
I rose and sought the jocund train ;

Men, women, children, all so gay,
Who loudly cheer'd the tedious way.
The cargo which the waggon bore
Were modern times and those of yore ;
The image of each living scene,
And of such things as ne'er had been :
Witches and goblins, clouds and skies
Deck'd out in their varieties,
The river's flow, the ocean's waves,
The crowns of kings, the bonds of slaves,
Helmets and mitres, robes and arms,
Terrific forms, and beauty's charms,
All mov'd along, together hurl'd,
Th' outfittings of a mimic world :
When what with spouting, what with song,
As the procession trudg'd along,
No cunning was required to see,
It was a strolling company,
Who were proceeding to make known
Their talents in a neighb'ring town.
Here a strange thought occur'd that I
Might try my powers in Tragedy ;
While the vain fancy was possess'd
I might appear among the best :
In short among them I display'd
An earnest of the acting trade.
The bills were blazon'd with my name,
A candidate for scenic fame,
And 'twas announc'd that Mr. Page
Would first appear on any stage.
The part which I of course prefer'd
Was SHAKESPEAR's well known R. the THIRD.
I wanted not the wardrobe's aid,
My crook-back was already made ;
My form disdain'd the aid of art,
And thus I play'd the tyrant's part :

But from my being thus disjoin'd,
 To this same part I was confin'd.
 Though by this outfit I must own
 I could perform the awkward clown,
 Or any other hunch-back fellow,
 A Pantaloon, or Punchinello,
 Where white and red be-mark'd my face,
 And excellence was my disgrace :
 For here I shrunk beneath the pack
 That fate had nail'd upon my back.

“ I wish'd to figure as Othello,
 But he was a fine, straight-made fellow,
 Whom, with a shape, so crook'd, so bent,
 I could not dare to represent,
 And though his face was olive brown,
 No injury his form had known ;
 While mine, in its unseemly guise,
 Fair Desdemona must despise :
 Nor could it be a bard's design,
 That love-sick maids should e'er incline
 To such an outrag'd shape as mine. }
 My voice possess'd a tender strain,
 That could express a lover's pain ;
 But such a figure never yet
 Was seen to win a *Juliet*.
 Nay ladies lolling in a box,
 Would think it a most curious hoax,
 If through their glasses they should see
 Lord Townly such an imp as me.
 Thus for a month or more, JACK PAGE
 Fretted and strutted on the stage,
 Sometimes affording Richard's figure
 In all its native twist and vigour ;
 Or bearing kick, or smack, or thump
 From Harlequin upon his hump.

Though I say not, I was ill-paid
 For the fine acting I display'd.
 Nay, had I less mis-shapen been,
 I might to the Theatric scene,
 Have turn'd my strange life's future views,
 And courted the Dramatic Muse.

"But as I could not smooth my shape
 From the hips upwards to the nape,
 And as to so confin'd a round
 My imitative powers were bound,
 My Genius I resolv'd to try
 In writing Farce or Comedy,
 In which I could exert my art
 For my dear self to form a part
 Wherein the keen, applauding eye
 Might dwell on my deformity,
 And where the picture might beguile
 The judgement to afford a smile.
 —When this same work I had perform'd
 My vanity was rather warm'd.
 'Humour,' 'twas said, 'the piece discovers,'
 And it was call'd, 'The Crooked Lovers.'

"I think, *Sir Jeff'ry* you may guess,
 The plot my Farce aims to possess,—
 A kind of praise of ugliness;
 Where Beauty is not seen to charm,
 Nor fill the heart with fond alarm;
 Where finest eyes may gleam in vain,
 May wake no joy, or give no pain:
 And though the beaming smiles may grace
 The rosy bloom of Delia's face,
 Here they excite no am'rous passion,
 Nor call forth tender inclination:

Such the desire, that ev'ry day,
Amuses Cupid when at play,
But other objects must engage
The scenes I offer'd to the stage :
Lame legs, club feet, and blinking eyes,
With such like eccentricities,
Call'd forth my amorous desire,
And set my actors all on fire.
With me no Damon longs to sip
The sweets of Cath'rine's pouting lip,
But smoke-dried Strephon seeks the bliss
Of a well-guarded, snuffy kiss,
Where the long nose, delightful wonder,
Scarce from the chin can keep asunder ;
Where lovers' hearts ne'er feel a thump,
But when they view each other's hump.

“ Now here again I was o'erthrown
By a crook-back, and not my own ;
The May'rs gay wife, whose back appears
Upon a level with her ears,
Was pleas'd at first that I had prov'd
She was an object to be lov'd ;
But as the Parish Parson too,
With a small form was quite askew,
And as, when it was pleasant weather,
This pair would take a walk together,
Would saunter through the winding glade,
Or sit beneath the beechen shade ;
And, as it seem'd, were never cloy'd
With tender converse so enjoy'd ;
It hap'd some Critic keen discovers
Whom I meant by ‘ The Crooked Lovers.’
The May'ress call'd th' obedient Mayor
To frown from magisterial chair,

And with the terrors of his mace
To drive my Hunch-back from the place ;—
And on the high-road I once more
Was trav'ling as I did before.

“To you, Sir, it was never known
To feel the state which I must own :
No home, not knowing where to go,
How I should act and what to do.
Just as a ship whose rudder's lost,
Nor within sight of any coast ;
Without the power to stand the shock
Of tempest, or to shun the rock.
From the strange nature of my birth,
I knew no relative on earth,
Nor to my giddy thoughts was given
To look with any hope to Heaven.
To London I propos'd to go,
Where not a being did I know :
To me it was an unknown shore,
Where I had never been before,
At least, since of all care bereft,
I was a helpless Foundling left.
Thus, as I thought, behold I stood,
Beside a mill-dam's spreading flood ;
The waters form'd to drive the mill
With its tremendous wheel, stood still,
While evening glimmer'd on the hill. }
One plunge I said and all is o'er,
My hopes and fears will be no more ;
An unknown child, an unknown man,
And I shall end as I began.
Nor can I say what would have follow'd,
I, and my hump, might have been swallow'd
In the deep, wat'ry gulph beneath,
Had I not heard a hautbois breath





QUE GENUS AT A SHEEP SHEARING.

A lively, but an uncouth strain,
As it appear'd from rustic swain,
Which, as it dwelt upon my ear,
Told me that merriment was near,
And did at once dispel the gloom
That might have sought a wat'ry tomb.
I turn'd my footsteps tow'ards the sound
That was now heard the valley round ;
When soon upon the rural green,
The sight of busy mirth was seen.

“ With sights like these, I had been us'd
In early days to be amus'd
When I but waw'd my boyish hand
The rural groupes obey'd command,
When ev'ry rustic feast I grac'd
And was in highest station plac'd,
Though I did to no name aspire,
Yet I was nam'd the youthful 'Squire,
For Madam Syntax sake was shown
The honour which was not my own.
But now, such was my fortune's change,
A wand'rer I was left to range
I scarce knew where, and doom'd to wait
For what might be my future fate.
Thus I approach'd the busy throng,
And when I heard the joyous song,
Though, with a mingled sense of pain,
My flute pour'd forth a doubtful strain.
— 'Twas a sheep-shearing that employ'd
The festive toil which all enjoy'd,
And I was welcom'd to receive
The bounties that the feast could give ;
And while I did my carols play,
With flowers the maidens made me gay,

And as they gave my back a thump,
Each stuck a nosegay on my hump.
Here I must own, there's no concealing,
These compliments attack'd my feeling,
And I was deck'd out in a part,
Which on my back, was near my heart ;
Yet, as sweet smiles shew'd the intent
That no offensive thought was meant,
I, with kind words and sprightly tune
Strove to repay the fragrant boon.
—The yeoman, master of the feast,
Was kind, and own'd me as his guest,
And as he view'd each added fleece
That did his summer wealth encrease,
He joyous made the toast go round
To the song's animating sound,
While the patient ewes grown light,
And eas'd of all their fleecy weight,
No more the shearer's hand restrain
But bound off to their hills again.
Such was the scene that did awhile
My bosom of its cares beguile,
For he must have a wretched heart
To whom those joys no joy impart,
Which others are beheld to feel
And to th' attentive eye reveal ;
Nay, I must own that this night's pleasure,
Which revell'd in unbounded measure,
A kind, though short, oblivion shed
O'er my crook-back and thoughtful head :
Yes, brief it was, for soon again
My pleasure yielded to my pain,
And all the jocund, festive folly
Was then restor'd to melancholy.
The ale was good, my draughts were deep,
And, overcome by sudden sleep,

Upon a chair my head repos'd,
And soon my eyes were soundly clos'd.
Th' Exciseman, a smart, parish wit,
Thought he could make a funny hit,
And with his ochre red and black,
Drew a fierce face upon my back,
The thought, at least, was not quite civil,
With all the emblems of the devil.
He had display'd his humour's art
Upon a very tender part,
At least, my pride, as you must know.
Had to my fancy made it so.
When, by the roar caus'd by the joke,
I from the slumb'ring fit awoke ;
Soon did I make th' Exciseman sick
Of such a mortifying trick :
His gauging-rod was heard to crack
In many a stroke upon his back,
Till, by his supplicating tone,
I found I had aveng'd my own.
But though the marks were brush'd with care,
By the same hand which trac'd them there ;
And though I was most warmly prest,
By the kind master of the feast,
To pass another jovial day ;
I felt offence and walk'd away.

“ ‘Do what I can, go where I will,
This Hump's my evil genius still,
And serves in some odd way or other
My any sense of joy to smother.’
—Such was th' expression that my tongue
Would mutter as I trudg'd along.
—But REASON told me, cease your strife
With this companion of your life ;

'Tis fix'd as fate, and you must wear it,
 Therefore with resignation bear it.
 It is, I own, an ugly tumour,
 But you should treat it with good humour,
 And still be pleas'd you cannot trace
 Any mis-givings on your face.
 The change you surely would not try
 For a lame leg or squinting eye :
 Though somewhat out of line your figure,
 You still enjoy Health's active vigour :
 All's right before, so never mind
 A certain awkwardness behind ;
 For sure, when you present your front,
 No eye can see a blemish on't.
 With merry and good-humour'd folk,
 Treat it, Oh treat it as a joke,
 And if, by chance, you meet a fool
 Who turns it into ridicule,
 Tell him you'd rather have the feature,
 Coarse as it is, than his ill-nature.
 Take care that none who know you, find
 An awkward hump within your mind :
 Oh, let it be your constant care
 To banish disproportion there,
 And you will laugh with friends who crack
 Chance-medley jokes upon your back !

"To Reason I attention lent ;
 Th' advice was good,—and, strait or bent,
 I now resolv'd to be content. }

"Thus, as I urg'd my onward way,
 In spirits rather growing gay,
 With saddle bags and all alone, }
 A sprightly horse came trotting on,
 As if he had his rider thrown. }



QUÆ GENUS ASSISTING A TRAVELLER.

The beast I, with some trouble, caught,
And then its fallen master sought,
Whom, within half a mile I found
All pale and stretch'd upon the ground :
When I approach'd, as in surprise,
He gave a groan and op'd his eyes.
A crystal brook ran murm'ring by,
Its cooling fluid to supply,
And soon its sprinklings did afford
The power that banish'd strength restor'd.
Thus, when re-mounted on his steed,
We did, in progress slow, proceed :
I cautious pac'd it by his side
With tighten'd rein the horse to guide ;
And with attentive eye, prevent
Another downfall accident.

“ We might have gone a mile or more,
When we beheld a lofty tower
That did in stately form arise,
A welcome sight to anxious eyes,
Marking a spot where might be found
Some styptic to a bleeding wound.
I shall be brief,—the Horseman's head
Was soon repos' , on downy bed ;
The Surgeon came and he was bled :
The lancet was by blisters follow'd,
And potions, in due order, swallow'd.
He look'd his thanks, then squeez'd my hand,
Bade me, what gold could pay, command ;
Of all I wish'd to take my fill,
Enjoy myself, nor fear the bill.
I took my patient at his word,
And what the *Blue Bell* could afford,
(An Inn of good repute and worth,
Well known to all who travel North,)

As it was his desire, enjoy'd,
Till with good living I was cloy'd.
But his sick bed I did amuse,
I told him tales and read the news ;
So that with emphasis he swore
He almost griev'd his ills were o'er.

“ As near, I think, as I can tell,
A fortnight pass'd ere he was well ;
When he thus wish'd me to make known
How his best thanks could best be shown.—

“ ‘ I now may tell, my saddle-bags
Held a rich bundle of those rags
Which, from the Bank, are issued forth,
As we all know, of precious worth,
And might have been a certain prize
Had they been seen by knavish eyes.
A rogue would have possess'd the steed,
And with his mettle and his speed,
Have sought a spot, where, at his leisure,
He might have rummag'd all my treasure ;
Nay, been in town before the post
Could have made known what I had lost,
And, on some artful trick's reliance,
Have set discovery at defiance :
When I, here sitting sad and stewing,
Might have been pond'ring o'er my ruin :
While, from your noble, gen'rous dealing,
I feel a joy there's no revealing.

“ ‘ A *Trav'ler* is the name I bear,
A well-known, useful character,
Who, through the kingdom's wide-stretch'd
 bounds,
Ne'er fails to make his yearly rounds.

I for a London house of trade
 Employ my necessary aid,
 By which its commerce I extend
 From Dover to the far Land's End.
 Well mounted, or perhaps in chaise,
 We quietly pursue our ways ;
 Lift our heads high, and look so grand
 When we have payments to demand,
 But bow, and handsome speeches give
 When we have orders to receive :
 Thus suiting manners, as you see
 To our commercial policy.
 Nay, when the busy day is o'er,
 We meet at night, perhaps a score ;
 And, in return, give our commands
 To humble host, who cringing stands,
 In order to prepare the best
 For the be-bagg'd and trav'ling guest,
 And bring us wine to aid our cheer ;
 While, with stump'd pens behind the ear,
 Good folks in town may drink their beer—
 Nay, may be boasting of our labours
 In smoking clubs of sober neighbours.

“ ‘ To what the London Mart supplies,
 We give our wings and off it flies :
 Thus knowledge, taste, and every fashion
 Find a quick way throughout the nation,
 And all the wants of high and low
 We with a ready zeal bestow.
 —The beauties of improving art
 We scatter round in every part,
 And diff'rent districts of the isle
 In our communications smile.
 To learning we distribute books,
 And sauces to the country cooks :

Nay, none there are who will refuse
 The town-made blacking for their shoes :
 On Shetland legs its lustre glows
 As on the boots of Bond-street beaux.
 Where is the Miss, or where the Maid
 Who does not ask our frequent aid ?
 At city ball or country fair
 Our visits are apparent there ;
 And but for us, the summer races
 Would be despoil'd of half their graces.
 In short, as ev'ry eye may see,
 The kingdom is one gallery ;
 That its abundant uses owes
 To what the Traveller bestows.
 Hence it is not a vain pretence
 That we may make to consequence,
 Who, by our turns and windings, strive
 To make this flying commerce thrive :
 Too happy when we carry home
 Bags of Bank rags for which we roam :
 Nay, I may think I owe to you,
 That mine are safe within my view,
 And any wish I will obey,
 Which to my power you may convey.'

" I seiz'd the time and told my tale,
 At least, as much as might avail
 Some settlement in town to find,
 That suited both my means and mind ;
 When by advice, and, which was better,
 By a most urgent, friendly letter,
 Arriv'd in London,—I soon found
 I did not tread on hostile ground :
 Nay, ere a week was pass'd and gone,
 Fortune, I hop'd had ceas'd to frown,
 'As I did now a station own,

}

With promis'd comfort by my side,
That gave me gains, nor hurt my pride.
But my misfortunes were not past,
Though this I hope will be my last,
Or I'll avenge me of the pack,
The foe I carry on my back ;
From London Bridge I'll dash me plump,—
And drown th' incorrigible Hump.

“Now, the good lady of the house,
Who had an influence o'er her spouse,
Was in that interesting state
Which I can't otherwise relate
Than being such as loving wives
Think the great honour of their lives,
And she thought, if her daily eye
Should view my sad deformity,
It might the happy shape destroy
Of the expected girl or boy ;
And ladies, in a certain trim,
Must be indulg'd in ev'ry whim.
Such danger did my form display,
Another hour I must not stay :
But gold was giv'n to heal my pride,
And bribe me to be satisfied.
'Tis true, kind words explain'd the cause ;
Nay, much was said of Nature's laws ;
And where that ruling pow'r thought fit,
To her caprice we must submit.
—Thus, once again, if not for ever,
I had to curse th' infernal fever
That did my upright form disgrace,
And rob me of my welcome place.
—At length, brimfull of discontent,
Half-mad, I to the Office went ;

Where Fortune seem'd to change my view,
For there she made me known to you.

“Thus, Sir, I’ve told my tedious story,
And now a suppliant stand before you :
But in my story, right or wrong,
Truth was the rudder of my tongue.
—I’ve done, and, in all patience, wait,
To know how you may rule my fate ;
And if my hist’ry will commend
QUÆ GENUS, (such may be his end,) }
To you, *Sir Jeff’ry*, as his friend.” }

CANTO III

SILENCE for some short time ensu'd,
 Ere conversation was renew'd.
 —*Sir Jeff'ry* first strok'd down his chin,
 With something 'twixt a yawn and grin,
 And then thought proper to begin. }

“ By a great writer it is said,
 And one who seldom was betray'd,
 When he employ'd his tongue or pen
 On the known characters of men :
 (And if, perchance, I'm not mistaken,
 I think his famous name was BACON,))
 That in the changeful scenes of life,
 Which raise up enmity and strife,
 He may 'gainst others hold his head,
 Nor the wide world's opinion dread,
 If, though he almost stands alone,
 An honest heart maintains its own :
 But that he is an arrant fool
 Who yields to his own ridicule.
 Now such a fool, as we have seen,
 QUÆ GENUS, from weak pride, has been :
 But, though I wonder at his folly,
 I will not make him melancholy.

“ Things at the worst, 'tis said, must mend,
 And I will prove your real friend,

If you, hereafter, have the sense
 To merit my full confidence :
 And now, I think, you may prepare
 To take my household to your care.
 Your pride must not offended be
 At putting on a livery,
 As that will be the best disguise
 To hide you from all prying eyes ;
 QUÆ GENUS, too, you now must yield,
 That learned name should be conceal'd ;
Ezekiel will suspicion smother,
 As well, I think, as any other,
 Till I have due enquiry made
 If *Gripe-all* be alive or dead,
 And how far I may recommend
 The runaway to *Doctor Bend*.
 Do what is right—and laugh at fear ;
 The mark you carry in your rear
 Will never intercept the view
 Fortune may have in store for you.
 No more let vanity resent
 The stroke by which your form is bent !
 How many in the world's wide range
 Would willingly their figures change
 For such as yours, and give their wealth
 To get your hump and all its health.
 Look at my legs—my stomach see,
 And tell me, would you change with me ?
 Nay, when your healthy form I view,
 Though all be-hump'd, I'd change with you,
 And give you half my fortune too.
 Lament no more your loss of beauty,
 But give your thoughts to do that duty
 Which my peculiar wants require,
 And more you need not to desire.

I feel I cannot pay too high
For care and for fidelity :
Let me see that—my heart engages
To give you something more than wages
—Your duties will be found to vary,
As Steward, Nurse, and Secretary :
Thus you will soon my wants attend
Less as a servant than a friend.
You may suppose I little know
Of what is going on below ;
My leading wishes are, to prove
That I am duly serv'd above,
And you, as may be daily seen,
Must play the active game between."

More pass'd, that needs not our repeating,
About the mystery of eating,
Which did these sage instructions close,
When good *Sir Jeff'ry* 'gan to doze :
And, soon as he more soundly slept,
Downstairs *Ezekiel* cautious crept,
(For by that name he now is known,
As fate has chang'd it for his own,)
To let th' expecting folk below
The nature of his office know.
To ev'ry man he gave his fist,—
The females, too, he warmly kiss'd ;
Then to th' assembled kitchen spoke,
But not as if he thought a joke,
Or in a hypocritic glee,
But with a smiling gravity.
"*Sir Jeff'ry*'s household int'rests are
Committed to my faithful care ;
And I must hope we all agree
To serve him with fidelity."

To this they all, in order due,
Gave their assent—and bound it too
By words which each one, in their station,
Gave as a solemn declaration.

The cook and housekeeper began,
And thus her red rag glibly ran ;
While, from her knee unto her chin,
She wav'd the floured rolling pin.
“ O, may the kettle never boil,
May butter always turn to oil,
And may the jack, the chimney's boast,
From time to time despoil the roast !
May soot fall on the ready stew,
And the cat lick the rich ragout !
May China dish with pie to bake,
While I am speaking, may it crack,
If I e'er took the offer'd bribe
From any of the market tribe,
Or e'er disgrac'd the name of cook
To falsify the kitchen book ;
Nay, if I have touch'd or taken,
For my own use, one slice of bacon ;
If ever I were such a sinner,
May I now spoil *Sir Jeff'ry's* dinner ;
And should I suffer such disgrace,
I instantly should lose my place ! ”

CHAMBER MAID.

“ May I be hang'd by some bell rope
If e'er I cribb'd an ounce of soap,
Or pocketed wax-candles' ends
To deal out slyly to my friends ;
Or, in the linen's gen'ral muster,
Made free with towel or with duster ;

Or e'er did bribes from turners take,
The mops to spoil, or brooms to break ;
Or in the bed-rooms made a stir
To call in the upholsterer,
As house-maids with dishonest view,
Arē, as I've heard, so apt to do !
Or ever gave, in washing tub,
The linen a hard, tearing rub,
That might encrease the rags—a fee
Which household custom gives to me !
—That I speak truth, I here declare,
And Molly, too, the same will swear ;
Who striking hard upon the dresser,
Hop'd Heaven itself would never bless her,
If, from whate'er she saw or knew
What had been promis'd was not true."

KITCHEN MAID.

" Though I am rather in a flutter,
I vow I never turn'd the butter
Into the pot that might encrease
The perquisite of daily grease ;
Nor sought for fat, no, not a bit,
But what dripp'd kindly from the spit,
Or from the plates and dishes came,
When I had daily clean'd the same ;
Nor ever let a candle fall
To fill a gaping interval !
Nor did I e'er a doit receive
Which coal-merchants may sometimes give
To those who watch the kitchen-grate,
And keep it in a flaming state ;
Who may the poker wield at will
And seldom leave its poking still,
Nor e'er the kitchen blaze controul
By being niggard of the coal :

Charges that are so often laid
To the hard-working, kitchen maid ! ”

FOOTMAN.

“ O may I never, never be
A servant out of livery,
Which is th’ ambitious, hop’d-for lot
Of all who wear the shoulder knot !
O may I never quit my place
Behind the chair, nor shew my face,
The sideboard’s glitt’ring show to grace,
If, when my master ceas’d to dine,
I ever stole a glass of wine !
O, may my food be pitch and mustard,
If ever I took tart or custard,
If e’er I did my finger dip
In some nice sauce and rub my lip !
If turnpike tolls I e’er enlarg’d,—
May I this moment be discharg’d ! ”

COACHMAN.

“ May I be flogg’d with thorny briars
If e’er I heard such cursed liars,
And should I venture now to say
I ne’er purloin’d or corn or hay,
I should be liar big as they !
Nay, ’tis such folly to be lying,
And all these trifling tricks denying,
Which, ere a fortnight’s past and over,
Mr. *Ezekiel* must discover.
Sir Jeff’ry’s keen look never sees
What are but clever servants’ fees,
And he would feel it to his sorrow,
Were he to change us all to-morrow ;
For the new steward soon will see
No master’s better serv’d than he.



Drawn by Howard Christy

QUE GENUS, IN THE SPORTS OF THE KITCHEN.

There's not a carriage about town
That looks genteeler than our own ;
Or horses with more sprightly air,
Trot through the street or round a square.
I say that we all do our duty,
And if we make a little booty,
We never hear *Sir Jeff.* complain :
And wherefore should one give him pain ?
If better servants he should seek,
He must be changing ev'ry week ;
And I am sure that kind of strife
Would spoil the quiet of his life :
Nay, as you know, there is no question
Would operate on his digestion ;
And when that fails, it is a point
That puts the rest all out of joint.
Thus all our trifling, secret gains
Save him a multitude of pains :
And when our daily work is done,
If we kick up a little fun,
No harm proceeds—no ill is meant—
He's not disturb'd—and all's content.
—Nay, now my friends, I'll club my shilling,
And you, I'm sure, will be as willing
To drink—that bus'ness may go on
In the same temper it has done,
And, without any treach'rous bother,
That we may understand each other :
That, without boasting or denying,
We need not to continue lying ;
And that, disdaining needless fuss,
Ezekiel may be one of us."

The wine was brought, for vulgar beer
Was not thought proper to appear ;

The cook a pigeon pie produc'd,
 And other tit-bits that amus'd
 The appetites of those who sought 'em,
 With thanks to the fat dame who brought 'em.
 —Thus the new steward was made free
 Of kitchen hospitality;
 And to be blind to what he saw,
 He was bound down by kitchen law.

At length, in office thus install'd,
 And each was gone where duty call'd,
 He, with a pressing arm, embrac'd
 The busy cook's well-fatten'd waist,
 As with her pin she plied the paste;
 When from her active tongue he drew
 The duties which he had to do,
 And how he might their claims divide,
 Nor lean too much to either side.
 —Our hero, who now felt his ground,
 Thought not of change in what he found;
 And that to enter on reform
 Would be but to excite a storm,
 Disturb the Knight's desir'd repose
 And fill a kitchen full of foes.
 He plainly saw his station bound him
 To be at peace with all around him:
 But, as the diff'rent int'rests drew,
 He rather trembled at the view.

Thus, if we may small things compare
 With those which more important are,
 We may *Ezekiel's* state apply
 To maxims of philosophy,
 By which it seems life's changeful hours
 Are subject to two adverse powers,

That govern as by time or chance,
 Nay, struggle for predominance ;
 While each, at diff'rent hours, may be
 Possess'd of short-liv'd victory,
 As varying impulses may bind
 The operations of the mind.
 Here selfish int'rest will prevail—
 There gen'rous feeling turns the scale ;
 So that he neither can be said
 Strictly to be or good or bad ;
 But in the one or other sense,
 Of that presiding influence
 Which counteracting views may give,
 And the complying mind receive.
 Thus, subject to these adverse powers,
 In diff'rent places—diff'rent hours—
 Poor mortal man, by their constraint,
 May be a sinner or a saint.
 To day he's wading to the chin
 In folly's stream, through thick and thin ;
 While, on the morrow, he may prove
 What virtue's self delights to love.

'Twas in this case our hero stood :
 He might be bad—he might be good ;
 If good, he must the kitchen sweep—
 If bad, its tricks a secret keep ;
 But if he would preserve his cloth,
 He must determine to be both.
 Thus, as he took a thoughtful view,
 He saw, his int'rest to pursue,
 He must divide himself in two. }
 Above to stick to rigid plan—
 Below to join the lively clan :
 In what *Sir Jeff'ry* did entrust
 To his sole province, to be just ;

There were two objects most bewitching,
 That sparkled all around the kitchen ;
 Though so bright was every kettle,
 Or plate or pan of various metal,
 That each might gaze upon a face
 As if they peep'd into a glass :
 Though fire-irons did reveal
 The shining of the polish'd steel,—
 Yet these superior pow'rs display'd,
 Than aught by human artist made :
 In short, to state what they could be,
 And silence curiosity,
 They were two eyes which lustre shed
 Where'er the owner turn'd her head ;
 Though they gave not the only grace
 That play'd on Molly's charming face .
 But whether 'twas her lips or nose,
 Or the fine curve of auburn brows,
 That aided the commanding eye
 In its well-play'd artillery,
 Howe'er that be—in his warm heart
Ezekiel had receiv'd the dart,
 And as its ruling power he felt,
 Each steady purpose 'gan to melt :—
 For her he might his virtue stake
 And let his yielding conscience quake,
 Nay, cheat *Sir Jeffry* for her sake. }

'Tis not the office of the Muse,
 On slight suspicions, to accuse ;
 Nor does she now present to view
 More than 'tis probable she knew :
 But one day, and it may be more,
 His constant meal of dainties o'er,
 Dull nature did the Knight incline
 To snore a little o'er his wine.



Drawn by K. H. H. H.

QUE GENUS. IN THE SERVICE OF ST. JEFFERY GOURMAND.

Our hero, seeing Molly pass,
 He tempted her to take a glass ;
 For, in his state of tender feeling,
 What gen'rous mind will call it stealing ?
 And scorn'd be they who think it treason
 Against the better rules of reason,
 If, in return, he sought a kiss ;
 But as he seiz'd the melting bliss,
 Tall Margery was passing by
 By chance or curiosity :
 She glanc'd at all was onward going,
 And what *Ezekiel* was bestowing ;
 When, as she cast her leering eye,
 Thus thought her rising jealousy.
 " If, Sir, you give Miss Moll the glass,
 I'll try to make a bottle pass ;"
 Then push'd her stout arm by the door,
 The sideboard's juices to explore.
 If 'twas by chance the action came,
 Or if a purpos'd trick's to blame,
 A smart kick caus'd the door to close
 And caught the damsel by the nose.
 The luckless nose was rather long,
 And had its gristle not been strong,
 Had not the door been edg'd with baize
 To give its hurried motion ease,—
 Had it been sharp, the wicked pinch
 Might have cut short that nose an inch.

Madge now scream'd out at her disaster,
 And swore that she would tell her master,
 But our *Ezekiel* found a plaister ;
 Though what the plaister was he found
 To silence tongues and cure the wound,
 We must not nice enquiry make
 For virtue's and our hero's sake.

But we may tell, for this we know,
That all was still and calm below ;
Though as the faithful verse will prove
He shap'd another plan above,
Form'd to controul all household feud,
And be as honest as he could ;
Thus give to things another face
To live at ease and keep his place.
—Two int'rests into one were thrown,
Those of *Sir Jeff'ry* and his own :
The former strictly to maintain,
Nor yet the latter to disdain ;
The Knight's confiding grace to keep,
Nor let his own advantage sleep ;
The kitchen's jovial mirth to boast,
But leave the cook to rule the roast ;
To be of Molly's smiles possess,
Though never to offend the rest :
And here we fear is the beginning,
The first short lesson of his sinning.

So young, and with such little sense
Of what is call'd—experience ;
And whom the world had not yet taught,
As it might do, to set at nought
What conscience tells us we should shun,
What we should do or leave undone ;
Or, with a certain self-deceit,
The virtues of the heart to cheat,
He certainly appears to be
Envelop'd in perplexity,
And verging on a dang'rous scrape
From which he might not make escape
Without a loss which he would rue
Of the fair prospects in his view ;

And thus be on a sudden hurl'd
Faithless and friendless on the world.

As in his plan this hasty change
Was, it may seem, so very strange,
It therefore may be well to know
From whence such awkward motives flow,
For awkward motives they must be
Which trench upon integrity.
It was not Molly's sparkling eyes
Which sought his virtue to surprise;
For though he might her heart beguile
To yield his wish a fav'ring smile,
She ne'er allow'd of a pretence
Beyond the claim of Innocence.

There is a proverb so well known
It would be ign'rance not to own
The having heard and felt its truth
E'en in the days of early youth,
That, if we chance with those to live
Whose lives a bad example give,
They will convey, as we shall find,
A foul contagion to the mind.
Thus for a time *Ezekiel* stood
Firm as the tree that crowns the wood,
But, after mocking ev'ry blast,
Will sometimes bend and fall at last.
Though whether he began to shake,
Or only suffer'd twigs to break,
But still retain'd his fibres bound,
In firm defiance to the ground,
While the main trunk, tho' shook, was sound, }
Is what the curious mind shall know,
And no far distant page will show.

Thus the humble verse will trace
 His future honour or disgrace ;
 As intermingled they must be
 With scenes of household history.

When good *Sir Jeff'ry's* gout was kind
 And to his bed he was confin'd ;
 No dainty dinner to be got,
 And nought but messes in the pot,
 The kitchen folk, then quite at leisure,
 Would think of more than common pleasure ;
 Then butlers of the higher station,
 And valets to gay men of fashion,
 Invited were, to join the ball
 Now given in the servants' hall,
 With ladies' maids who titles bore
 Of mistresses—whose gowns they wore ;
 And sometimes a smart tradesman, too,
 Would pop in to say—*bow do ye do*.
 —Here all home secrets were betray'd—
 The various tricks which servants play'd,
 And how their fortunes could be made. }
 When one grave man his silence broke,
 And thus to our *Ezekiel* spoke :—
 “Had I,” says he, “so fine a place,
 As your superior manners grace ;
 Had I a rich man in my keeping,
 Who passes half his time in sleeping ;
 Whose purse is always in your view,
 And lets you pay his tradesmen too ;
 While, that he may enjoy his ease,
 He makes you guardian of his keys,
 My growing fortune soon should flow,
 And in a way he ne'er should know.
 If by his bed you are his nurse,
 And have the jingling of his purse ;

If, when the doctor comes to see him,
And you are calmly told to fee him,
You must be nam'd the veriest elf
If, then, you do not fee yourself :
Nay, when his fingers, cramp'd with gout,
Cannot well take a *sovereign* out,
And he should bid you take out four,
Contrive to grapple five or more.
'Tis when he's sick with aches and ails,
When pain torments and mem'ry fails,
When the night's pass'd his bed beside,
Then Fortune tells you to provide
For future wants,—and bless the hour
That gives the means into your power :
Nor ever fail, on some pretence,
To rail against the rash expense
Which doctors and their varlets bring
To patients, sick and suffering,
Till you can get him to exclaim—
'Expense is a mere idle name ;
Of cost let your complainings cease,
I care not so it gives me ease :'
Then offer up your thanks to Heaven
That to his fortune it is given
To be thus blest with ample wealth,
At any cost to purchase health.
This is your harvest ; I shall tell
Another story when he's well :
That time's but short,—though let him see.
That then you're all economy.
When he can settle an account,
And look into the just amount,
Then, then let ev'ry thing appear
Just as it ought—correct and clear.
Thus let your speculations rove
When well below, when sick above,

And all I'm worth I now would stake
You will, in time, a fortune make.
Rich as he is, and careless too,
With such a confidence in you,
Sir Jeffery will never feel
Your happy turn in fortune's wheel."

"Hold, hold awhile," the list'ner said,
"This is too much," and shook his head;
"For still I feel, without offence,
I've not quite done with Conscience,
Nor can so boldly lay aside
The warnings of that faithful guide!
Am I this moment to forget
How much I'm in *Sir Jeffery's* debt,
And thus, with chance of foul disgrace,
To play the rogue and risque my place?"
"No, no," his counsellor replied,
"Servants and masters are allied;
Each is to each a foster-brother,
And have their claims on one another.
An useful servant is a treasure,
Whose service masters seldom measure.
What I now from my heart commend,
As an experienc'd, willing friend,
Is not to rob or place your paw
On what is guarded by the law,
But such as are no more than fees
For all your extra services;
For duties which no pay engages,
Under the common name of wages;
For what your varied service grants
To all his fancied, sickly wants,
Which never can your toil requite
For all you do by day or night.

“When *Sir Jeffery* fortune gain’d,
By contracts from the State obtain’d,
Think you he had a pious loathing
To crib a yard from soldiers’ clothing?
And when he did his thousands touch,
To say—‘my lord, I’ve got too much;
And I am ready to confess
I should have done the job for less.’
How could such men their fortunes make
Did they but fair advantage take!
And have you not an equal claim,
In a small way, to do the same?
—When the Knight took his daily range
From *Mincing Lane* to the *Exchange*,
And calculated as he went,
How he should make his *Cent. per Cent.*
Think you that he was over-nice
To fix his rate of merchandise?
When his ships sought some foreign strand,
Did he disdain the contraband,
If he could but with safety chouse
The sentries of the custom-house?
A little smuggling all allow,
But only mind the when and how:
Take your *per centage*, but with care;
And who will say it is not fair?
—I’ve serv’d the wealthy and the great,
Nay once a Minister of state,
And as I saw that in his station
He did not fail to rob the nation,
I thought I might indulge the whim,
As a turn serv’d, to pilfer him.
I courted too my Lady’s maid,
For Charlotte understood her trade:
I form’d my plan and did espouse her,
Then started up a tonish grocer,

Kept butlers in my constant pay
 Who serve me in the usual way,
 And all the house-keepers around
 With certain something in the pound.
 Now hear the advantage which I share
 From all my caution, all my care !
 I have a genteel, pleasant home,
 To ladies let my drawing-room,
 And in a whisky I can ride
 With Charlotte smiling by my side.
 'Tis thus I offer to your view,
 What I have done,—for you to do."

Here this fine conversation ended,
 But not, perhaps, as was intended,
 Which strong temptations might display
 To lead th' unsettled mind astray ;
 And, for a time, as fancy play'd,
 Now beaming light, now seeking shade,
Ezekiel hover'd o'er the plan
 Of specious rogue or honest man.
 Perhaps a smart, neat, pleasant shop,
 Did on his pericranium pop,
 With his warm, faithful wish to crown,
 The lovely Molly then his own :
 Such interests might his purpose guide,
 Till he was questioned by his pride ;—
 "—But can this be a proper plan
 For one bred like a gentleman ?
 'Tis true I cannot change the show
 Of kitchen policy below,
 There I must yield, I'm bound to know :
 But, in the regions above,
 The whole in rectitude shall move ;
 To the Knight's goodness I may trust,
 And faithful will I be and just ;

Nor ever take or e'en receive
But what his favour's pleas'd to give ;
Nor shall reproach my mind disgrace
Whene'er I look him in the face."
Such were his thoughts,—the grocer fail'd.
Thus honesty at length prevail'd,
And sav'd him, as things shortly stood,
From baseness of ingratitude.

In a few days the parting gout
Gave the Knight leave to go about,
And one day in his arm-chair plac'd,
The table with its luncheon grac'd,
Smiling, as he luxurious sat,
He thus let loose his easy chat.

"This soup, my friend's a special treat,
Fit for an Emperor to eat,
And now, my pleasure to pursue,
I trust I have a treat for you.
I've spar'd no pains to know the fate
That on your future hopes may wait,
And what I shall proceed to tell
May altogether please you well,
Unless you are resolv'd to try
New whims and tricks of foolery,
On which, however will depend,
Whether your master is your friend.
If, at all points, the news I bring
May not be quite so flattering ;
Yet surely it deserves at least,
To be thought good, if not the best.
—You need no longer stand in awe
Of any terrors of the law,
The beating you to *Gripe-all* gave
Did little harm to that same knave,

For he surviv'd to play a prank,
 By robbing of a country bank,
 And fled, as his late neighbours say,
 To flourish in America.
 Thither your fortune too is gone,
 But then your fears are also flown.
 Time, it is hop'd may make amends,
 Fortune and you may still be friends ;
 Nor shall I my best wishes smother
 To introduce you to each other.
 My growing favour you will see,
 So lay aside your livery :
 Hence you will need not a disguise
 'Gainst curious thoughts and prying eyes :
 Your former title you may claim,
 Again QUÆ GENUS is your name :
 Be faithful, and you soon shall know
 The kindness I may yet bestow.
 Nay, be but honest, while I live
 Your upright service shall receive
 All that my grateful hand should give :
 Nor doubt my purpose as sincere,—
 More may be meant than meets the ear."

What heart, with the least sense of good,
 That would not melt with gratitude,
 When such a gen'rous friend was near
 The clouded scenes of life to cheer,
 And bid the drooping hopes pursue
 A brighter prospect now in view !
 And where's the heart that would not feel,
 And where's the tongue that could conceal
 The sense that virtue had withstood
 Such specious efforts to delude !
 QUÆ GENUS the sensation felt
 That bade repenting thoughts to melt ;

Nay, he e'en cast his eyes to Heaven,
With doubts that he should be forgiven
For having listen'd to deceit
And almost yielded to the cheat,
Whose principles had he obey'd
As in the grocer's scheme display'd,
All trembling he should now have stood
A monster of ingratitude.
What he had 'scap'd his heart confess'd,
And his moist eyes confirm'd the rest.
With ev'ry grateful feeling fraught
He spoke not, but 'twas thus he thought :—
“My ever-watchful care shall tend
To make me worthy such a friend,
And all my kindred virtues burn
To make that friend a due return.”

The Knight, with kindness, view'd the feeling,
Which poor QUÆ GENUS was revealing ;
When, to cut short the pleasing pain
Which words were failing to explain,
He smiling bade him take his way
To the known duties of the day.

Of words there was a mute hiatus,
And of the noon-tide apparatus
The table quickly was bereft,
While with some new-born pamphlet left,
Sir Jeffery calmly was proceeding
To gratify his usual reading,
When our QUÆ GENUS bore away
The fragments of the lighten'd tray,
And sought his pantry's cool retreat,
Where, lolling on a welcome seat,
He let his busy fancy range
Throughout the unexpected change,

That did upon his fortune wait ;
 And still, though humble was his state,
 Scarce could he think it a disaster
 To wait the will of such a master ;
 Nor did his pride reluctant bend,
 Since that same master was his friend.
 All that indulgence could bestow
Sir Jeff'ry did not fail to show ;
 And, when alone, it seem'd to please
 The knight to set him at his ease,
 And shrink the distance to a span
 Between the master and the man.
 —Nay, here it cannot be denied }
 That it was soothing to his pride }
 To lay the shoulder-knot aside. }
 The liv'ried dress of red and brown
 He thus was call'd on to disown :
 In blue and buff, or buff and blue
 He now appear'd to daily view.
 The knight allow'd the taylor's art
 By all its power to make him smart ;
 And Snip with his consummate skill,
 In working drapery to his will,
 By his contrivance gave the cape
 A flow to soften down the shape,
 So that the hump could scarce be said
 His general figure to degrade,
 Nor, to a common view, be seen
 To indispose his pleasing mien.

Thus did he sit and calmly bless
 The hopes of promis'd happiness.

CANTO IV

THE various, the uncertain views
Which the all-anxious world pursues,
While it directs its searching eye
To what is call'd prosperity,
Compose the gen'ral, pictur'd strife
That forms the daily scene of life ;
And make up the uncertain measure
Of power, of riches, and of pleasure ;
Which, whatsoe'er may be our state,
Do on the varying projects wait
Of lowly poor or princely great :
For as all worldly things move on
We weigh them by comparison.
Thus he who boasts his little all
At a street-corner on a stall,
Tempting the gaze of wandering eyes
To view the transient merchandise,
Will look to Fortune's smile to bless
His humble trading with success,
As he whose freighted vessel sails
O'er distant seas with doubtful gales.
Nay, in Ambition's humble school
Perceive we not the love of rule,
O'er rustic swains to bear the rod
And be a village demi-god ?
To gain command and take the lead
Where mean submission courts a head,

Does in the lowest class prevail
 Of vulgar thoughts to turn the scale,
 As that which on their wishes wait,
 Whose object is to rule the state.
 —Seek you for pleasure as it flows,
 In ev'ry soil the flow'ret grows ;
 From the pale primrose of the dale
 Nurs'd only by the vernal gale,
 To the rich plant of sweets so rare
 Whose tints the rainbow colours share
 And drinks conservatorial air. }
 But, 'tis so subject to the blast,
 It cannot promise long to last ;
 Though still it 'joys the fragrant day,
 Till nature bids it pass away.
 The rude boy turns the circling rope,
 Or flies a kite or spins a top,
 When, a stout stripling, he is seen
 With bat and ball upon the green ;
 The later pleasures then await
 On humble life whate'er its state,
 And are with equal ardor sought
 As those with high refinement wrought,
 Where birth and wealth and taste combine
 To make the festive brilliance shine.

Thus the same passions govern all
 Who creep on this terrestrial ball :
 Their objects, truly, are the same,
 However shap'd, whate'er their name.
 What though the varying plan confounds
 In giving sixpences or pounds,
 In velvet or in home-spun cloth,
 They may be base curmudgeons both.
 Some are by charity enroll'd
 On tablets proud in lines of gold,

While others, as by stealth, convey
The mite that shuns the light of day ;
Though each performs a diff'rent part,
Each may possess a Christian heart.

It is not upon wealth alone
That happiness erects its throne :
How oft, alas ! it is we see
The rich involv'd in misery ;
How oft is view'd in reason's eye
The wants which wealth can ne'er supply !
The way to power may be betray'd,
Though 'tis with solid gold inlaid ;
Nay, purchas'd pleasure prove deceit,
And be at length a very cheat.
—How weak, how vain is human pride,
Dares man upon himself confide :
The wretch who glories in his gain
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life, in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years ?
Can they, when tortur'd by disease,
Cheer our sick heart and purchase ease ?
Can they prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death ?
What's man in all his boasted sway ?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Can he in all the pride of power
Ensure his honours for an hour ?
Alike the laws of life take place
Through ev'ry branch of human race :
The monarch, of long regal line,
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins
Or cool the fever's restless pains ?

Can he worn down in nature's course
 New brace his feebled nerves with force ?
 Can he, how vain is mortal power,
 Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour ?

"Consider, man, weigh well thy frame ;
 The king, the beggar, is the same,
 Dust form'd us all,—each breathes his day,
 Then sinks into his mortal clay."
 Thus wrote the fabling Muse of GAY.

Such thoughts as these of moral kind
 QUÆ GENUS weigh'd within his mind :
 For wherefore should it not be thought
 That, as his early mind was taught,
 It might be with sage maxims fraught ?
 —Thus seated, or as he stood sentry,
 Sole guardian of the butler's pantry,
 Which lock'd up all the household state,
 The cumbrance rich of massy plate,
 And all the honour that could grace
 The power of superior place,
 That did acknowledg'd rank bestow
 O'er all the kitchen-folk below ;
 What wonder that his mind should range
 On hopes that waited on the change
 Which unexpected Fortune's power
 Seem'd on his present state to shower.
 Though while his wand'ring mind embrac'd
 The present time as well as past,
 The visions of the future too
 Gave a fair prospect to his view.
 But life this well-known feature bears,
 Our *hopes'* associates are our *fears*,
 And ever seem, in reason's eye,
 As struggling for the mastery,

JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS

97

In which they play their various part,
To gain that citadel the heart.

Thus though our Hero's honest pride
Was, for the present, satisfied ;
And did things, as they seem'd to show,
Promise to stay in *Statu Quo*,
He, surely, would have ask'd no more
For Fortune on his lot to pour,
And with all due contentment wait
For what might be his future fate :
But while the present hour beguiles
His cheerful mind with cheering smiles,
The forward thought would strive to sow
An awkward wrinkle on his brow.
Now, strange as the event appears,
The source of all his hopes and fears
Was on each settled point the same,
And *Jeff'ry Gourmand* was its name.

The Knight most gen'rous was and free,
And kind as kindest heart could be,
So that QUÆ GENUS scarce could trace
The humbling duties of his place.
Whate'er he did was sure to please,
No fretful whims appear'd to tease ;
And while with fond attention shown,
He did each willing duty own,
Sir *Jeff'ry* frequent smiles bestow'd,
And many a kind indulgence show'd,
And oftentimes would wants repress
To make his fav'rite's labours less :
Nay, when he dawdled o'er his meat,
Would nod and bid him take a seat
To share the lux'ry of the treat. }

—He fancied, and it might be true,
 That none about him e'er could do
 What his peculiar wants required,
 And in the way he most desired,
 As *his QUÆ GENUS*, thus he claim'd him,
 Whene'er to other folk he nam'd him.
 Indeed, he took it in his head
 That no one else could warm his bed,
 And give it that proportion'd heat
 That gave due warmth to either sheet.

Our Hero rather lik'd the plan,
 As Molly brought the warming-pan,
 And having pass'd it through the door,
 Waited without till all was o'er.
 Thus, having rang'd the alarum-bell,
 With other things I must not tell,
 And seen Sir *Jeff'ry's* pillow'd head
 Turning to rest within his bed,
QUÆ GENUS bore the pan away
 Where Molly fair was us'd to stay.
 He was to honour firm, and she
 The mirror bright of Chastity.
 Thus half an hour was often spent
 In interchange of sentiment,
 Which doubtless was some tender theme :
 A subject for a pleasing dream.

All this tells well,—nor was this all ;
 The sceptre of the servants'-hall
 Was now committed to his hand ;
 O'er that he had supreme command,
 But such his mild and smiling sway,
 All felt a pleasure to obey ;
 And 'twas the kitchen's daily toast,
 Long may *QUÆ GENUS* rule the roast.

Tradesmen did to his worth subscribe,
For bills were paid without a bribe ;
And good Sir *Jeffery* quite content
How the allotted income went,
At no accounts e'er gave a look,
But those which fill'd his Banker's book.

What could our Hero more desire,
What more his anxious wish require,
When with a calm and reas'ning eye
He ponder'd o'er his destiny,
As he unwound the tangled thread
That to his present comforts led,
And serv'd as a directing clue
In such strange ways to guide him through ?
—To what new heights his hopes might soar,
It would be needless to explore :
For now the threat'ning time appears
When he is troubled with his fears.
His hopes have triumph'd o'er the past ;
But then the present may not last ;
And what succession he might find
Harass'd with doubts his anxious mind.
—Of the gross, cumbrous flesh the load
Sir *Jeffery* bore did not forebode
Through future years a ling'ring strife
Between the powers of death and life ;
The legs puff'd out with frequent swell,
Did symptoms of the dropsy tell ;
The stiffen'd joints no one could doubt
Were children of a settled gout ;
And humours redd'ning on the face,
Bespoke the Erysipelas.
Indeed, whene'er QUÆ GENUS view'd,
With rich and poignant sauce embued,

As dish to dish did there succeed,
 Which seem'd by Death compos'd to feed
 With fatal relishes to please
 The curious taste of each disease,
 That did Sir *Jeffery's* carcase share
 And riot on the destin'd fare :
 When thus he watch'd th' insidious food,
 He fear'd the ground on which he stood.
 —Oft did he curse the weighty haunch
 Which might o'ercharge Sir *Jeffery's* paunch ;
 And to the turtle give a kick,
 Whose callipash might make him sick.
 He only pray'd Sir *Jeffery's* wealth
 Might keep on life and purchase health.
 " Let him but live," he would exclaim,
 " And fortune I will never blame."
 Money is oft employ'd in vain,
 To cure disease and stifle pain ;
 And though he hop'd yet still he fear'd
 Whene'er grave Galen's self appear'd ;
 For when the solemn Doctor came,
 (Sir MIDRIFF BOLUS was his name,)
 He often in a whisper said,
 " I wonder that he is not dead,
 Nay, I must own, 'tis most surprising,
 That such a length of gormandising
 Has not ere this produc'd a treat
 For hungry church-yard worms to eat,
 And 'tis the skill by which I thrive
 That keeps him to this hour alive.
 Nay, though I now Sir *Jeffery* see
 In spirits and such smiling glee,
 I tremble for to-morrow's fee." }
 —When this brief tale he chose to tell
 And ring his patient's fun'ral bell,

QUÆ GENUS fail'd not to exclaim,
As he call'd on the Doctor's name,
"O tell me not of the disaster
That I must feel for such a master,
Nay, I may add, for such a friend
Were I to go to the world's end,
Alas, my journey would be vain,
Another such I ne'er should gain!"

Sir MIDRIFF, member of the college,
And of high standing for his knowledge,
In lab'ring physic's mystic sense
And practical experience,
As common fame was pleas'd to say,
Expected more than common pay.
Now, as Sir *Jeff'ry* never thought
His health could be too dearly bought,
Whene'er the healing Knight was seen,
Wrapt up within the Indian screen,
To shape the drugs that might becalm
Some secret pain or sudden qualm;
Or when there was a frequent question,
Of bile's o'erflow and indigestion,
Or some more serious want had sped
Sir *Jeff'ry Gourmand* to his bed,
QUÆ GENUS fail'd not to convey
(For he had learn'd the ready way),
The two-fold fee, by strict command,
Into Sir *Midriff's* ready hand.
Thus, in this kind of double dealing,
The Doctor had a pleasant feeling,
That seem'd to work up a regard
For him who gave the due reward,
And knew so well to shape the fee
From the sick chamber's treasury.

Thus when our Hero told his pain
 And did his future fears explain,
Galen replied,—“Those fears restrain,
 To this grave promise pray attend,
 Sir *Midriff Bolus* is your friend.” }

Such, when he touch'd the welcome fees,
 Were the sly Doctor's promises :
 QUÆ GENUS with good grace receiv'd 'em,
 Though 'tis not said that he believ'd 'em.
 —No, never was a visit past,
 But it was hinted as the last,
 Had they not been in lucky trim
 To have sent off post-haste for him.
 Whene'er the Knight's legs took to swelling,
 All ears were bor'd with sad foretelling ;
 And if his chest was over-loaded,
 Some dire disaster was foreboded,
 But failing in prophetic story,
 He gave his science all the glory.
 A year, howe'er, was past and gone,
 And all the household cares went on,
 In active zeal and order too,
 As all such matters ought to do,
 With hours of leisure well employ'd,
 And many a fantasy enjoy'd.

But something yet remains to know :—
 To manage *two strings to your bow*,
 A maxim is, which ev'ry age
 Has rend'ed venerably sage,
 And forms a more than useful rule
 In the world's universal school.
 Sir *Jeffery*, we make no doubt,
 In various ways had found it out :

It might have help'd him on to wealth,
And now to aid the wants of health,
He kept the adage in his view,
And as one Doctor might not do, }
It now appears that he had two.
The one, in order due, has been
Brought forth on the dramatic scene,
Ranks high in bright collegiate fame,
And M. D. decorates his name.
He never ventures to prescribe
But what is known to all the tribe,
Who hold the dispensarial reign
Beneath the dome of Warwick-Lane.
The other, steering from the track
Of learned lore, was styl'd a Quack ;
Who, by a secret skill, composes
For many an ill his sovereign doses :
But whether right or wrong, the town
Had given his nostrums some renown.
Salves for all wounds, for each disease
Specifics that could give it ease,
Balsams, beyond all human praise,
That would prolong our mortal days.
All these, in many a puffing paper,
Are seen in striking forms to vapour,
As, in the Magazines they shine,
The boast of Doctor ANODYNE.
His office was advice to give
In his own house from morn till eve,
And a green door, within a court,
Mark'd out the place of snug resort,
Where patients could indulge the feeling
That might dispose them to concealing
The nervous hope, the sly desire
To eke out life's expiring fire,

Without the danger to expose
 Their secret or to friends or foes.
 Sir *Jeffery* was one of these
 Who thought it was no waste of fees,
 Though they were toss'd about by stealth,
 If he could think they purchas'd health :
 But here, who will not say, it seems
 He guarded life by two extremes.
 Sir *Midriff* told him he must starve,
 And *Anodyne* to cut and carve :
 But though the first he nobly paid,
 It was the latter he obey'd.
 Full often was his *Merc'ry* sent
 To bring back med'cine and content ;
 Permission, what he wish'd, to eat,
 And physic to allay the heat
 Brought on by a luxurious treat ;
 To give the stomach strength to bear it,
 With some enliv'ning dose to cheer it.
 But still our Hero's watchful eye
 Saw that this sensuality
 Was bringing matters to an end,
 That he too soon should lose his friend ;
 And in what way he should supply
 The loss when that same friend should die,
 Did often o'er his senses creep
 When he should have been fast asleep.
 Sir *Midriff* to his promise swore,
 And *Anodyne* had promis'd more,
 Both had prescrib'd or more or less,
 A future vision of success :
 But time has still some steps to move,
 Before they their engagements prove ;
 Ere our QUÆ GENUS we shall see
 In a new line of history.

Sir *Jeffery* now began to droop,
Nor was he eager for his soup :
He blunder'd on the wrong ragout,
Nor harangu'd o'er a fav'rite stew,
Scarce wild-duck from a widgeon knew. }
No longer thought it an abuse,
To see St. MICH : without a goose.
Unless prepar'd with cordial strong,
He hardly heard the jovial song,
Or hearing, had not strength to move
And strike the table to approve.
Nay, sometimes his unsteady hand
Could not the rubied glass command,
But forc'd him slowly to divide
The rosy bumper's flowing tide.
Beside him oft QUÆ GENUS sat
An hour, and not a word of chat ;
And when he was in sleepy taking
The news would scarcely keep him waking.

—It was a melancholy showing,
But poor Sir *Jeffery* was a-going.
“Indulge his gormandising swallow,
And apoplexy soon must follow,”
Such did Sir *Midriff's* sage foreknowledge
Give as the doctrine of the College.
“—Now, if you dare to keep him low,
A dropsy gives the fatal blow.
Remember, my good friend, I pray,
What *Anodyne* is pleas'd to say.”
When, in a kind of solemn croak,
The Quack, with shaking noddle, spoke.

Thus did the differing doctors fail,
Nor could their varying skill prevail :

They neither could set matters right,
 Or quicken a pall'd appetite.
 More weak and weak Sir *Jeffery* grew,
 Nay, wasted to the daily view,
 And, as his faithful servant found,
 Between two stools he fell to ground.
 But still he smelt the sav'ry meat,
 He sometimes still would eye the treat,
 And praise the dish he could not eat. }
 One day, when in a sunshine hour,
 To pick a bit he felt the power,
 Just as he did his knife apply
 To give a slice of oyster-pie,
 Whether the effort was too great
 To bear the morsel to his plate ;
 Or if, from any other cause,
 His nature made a gen'ral pause,
 He gave a groan, it was his last,
 And life and oyster-pies were past.

Which of the Doctors did the deed,
 The one who starv'd or he who fed,
 Or whether Nature, nothing loth,
 Laugh'd at the counsels of them both,
 And, as they issued their commands,
 Her victim took from both their hands,
 I know not, but it seems to me,
 To be the work of all the three.

Here it would be but idle folly
 To call on fruitless melancholy,
 To talk of blisters that in vain
 Were spread to bring back life again ;
 Or all the lancet's power explore
 To wake the breath that breath'd no more ;

The stroke was struck, no human art
Could now withdraw the fatal dart.

Mutes marching on, in solemn pace,
With gladden'd heart and sorrowing face,
Who, clad in black attire, for pay
Let out their sorrows by the day :
The nodding plumes and 'scutcheon'd hearse
Would make a pretty show in verse ;
But 'tis enough, Sir *Jeffery* dead,
That his remains, enshrin'd in lead,
And, cloth'd in all their sad array,
To mingle with their native clay,
Were safe convey'd to that same bourne
From whence no travellers return.
—We must another track pursue,
Life's varying path we have in view,—
Our way QUÆ GENUS is with you !

CANTO V

AS our enlighten'd reason ranges
 O'er man and all his various changes,
 What sober thoughts the scenes supply,
 To hamper our philosophy ;
 To make the expanding bosom swell
 With the fine things the tongue can tell !
 And it were well, that while we preach,
 We practice, what we're fain to teach.
 O, here might many a line be lent,
 To teach the mind to learn content,
 And with a manly spirit bear
 The stroke of disappointing care ;
 Awake a just disdain to smile
 On muckworm fortune base and vile,
 Look on its threatnings to betray,
 As darksome clouds that pass away,
 And call on cheering hope to see
 Some future, kind reality.
 —All who Sir *Jeffery* knew could tell
 Our Hero serv'd him passing well ;
 Nay to the care which he bestow'd
 The Knight a lengthen'd period ow'd,
 And such the thanks he oft avow'd. }
 QUÆ GENUS never lost his views
 Of duty and its faithful dues ;
 His honour no one could suspect,
 Nor did he mark with cold neglect

Those services which intervene
 In a sick chamber's sickly scene :
 His duty thought no office mean, }
 And to Sir *Jeffery's* closing sigh
 All, all was warm fidelity.
 Nay, thus the Knight would frequent own
 A grateful sense of service done ;
 And oft, in words like these, he said,
 That duty shall be well repaid.
 "QUÆ GENUS, know me for your friend,
 I to your welfare shall attend ;
 Your friend while I retain my breath,
 And when that's gone, your friend in death."
 That death he felt as a disaster,
 For, to speak truth, he lov'd his master,
 Nor did he doubt that a reward
 Would prove that master's firm regard.

'Tis nature, in life's worst vexation,
 To look at least for consolation ;
 And he, 'tis true, had turn'd his eye
 To a consoling legacy,
 That might, at least, make some amends,
 For losing this his best of friends ;
 But his ill luck we must not smother ;
 He lost the one, nor found the other.
 The will was full of good intent,
 And a warm legacy was meant
 To poor QUÆ GENUS, there's no doubt,
 But shuffling Fortune left it out ;
 'Twas she cut short the kind bequest,
 Which was thus fatally express'd.

"To this my last and solemn will
 I add by way of Codicil,

My true and faithful servant's name,
 Who to my care has every claim :
 —To JOHN QUÆ GENUS I bequeath
 One month posterior to my death,
 The sum of

Here a blank ensued
 Which has not yet been understood,
 Or why the figures were delay'd
 That would a sterling gift have made.
 Whether a sudden twitch of gout
 Caus'd him to leave the figures out ;
 Or visit of a chatt'ring friend
 That did th' important words suspend,
 And thus retard the kind design,
 Until the 'morrow's sun should shine,
 That 'morrow with its ha's and hums,
 Which, often promis'd, never comes :
 Howe'er the enquiring mind may guess
 It cannot find the wish'd success :
 In short, whatever cause prevail'd,
 Too true, the gen'rous purpose fail'd.
 In the Knight's mind the boon was will'd,
 But still the blank was never fill'd,
 And no more the said will engages
 Than mourning suit and one year's wages,
 Which all his household should inherit
 Whate'er their station or their merit :
 Here no distinction was display'd
 'Tween high and low, 'tween man and maid,
 And though QUÆ GENUS was the first,
 He had his portion with the worst.

Our Hero thought it wond'rous hard
 Thus to be foil'd of his reward,
 That which, in ev'ry point of view,
 He felt to be his honest due ;

And both his master and his friend
Did to his services intend ;
Which, as the sun at noontide clear,
Does by the codicil appear :
But when he ask'd Sir *Jeffery's* heir
(Who did so large a fortune share) }
The blank hiatus to repair,
Which he with truth could represent
As an untoward accident,
The wealthy merchant shook his head
And bade him go and ask the dead.
QUÆ GENUS ventur'd to reply
While his breast heav'd a painful sigh,
"The dead, you know, Sir, cannot speak,
But could the grave its silence break,
I humbly ask your gen'rous heart,
Would not its language take my part,
Would it not utter, 'O fulfil
The purpose of the codicil ?'
Would it not tell you to supply
The blank with a due legacy ?"
The rich man, turning on his heel,
Did not the rising taunt conceal.
"All that the grave may please to say,
I promise, friend, I will obey."

What could be done with this high Cit,
But to look sad and to submit ;
For it could answer no good end
Though indispos'd to be a friend,
That kind of discontent to show
Which might convert him to a foe.
But ere we altogether leave
Sir *Jeffery's* grateful friends to grieve,
We mean all those which to the sight
Were clearly writ, in black and white,

Within the bound'ries of the will,
Nor left to *blundering Codicil*,
It may not be amiss to draw
The picture of the *Heir at Law*.

When on the 'Change he took his rounds,
He walk'd an hundred thousand pounds :
Not less was his acknowledg'd worth
When ev'ry morn he sallied forth,
With expectation grave, to meet
Fortune's fresh smiles in Lombard-Street.
Upright in all his worldly dealing :—
But that high sense of noble feeling,
The humane impulse to relieve,
To wipe the eye of those who grieve,
The wish of goodness to impart
The bounties of a gen'rous heart,
These were not his ; and though the scroll
That may the charities enroll
Of gilded pride, upon the wall
In some conspicuous hospital,
Might his known name and title bear,
'Twas vanity that plac'd it there.
But though, perhaps, a plum or more
Was added to his former store,
If, by sad chance, with haggard mien,
An humble suppliant should be seen,
A mother sick, a father dead,
And children, left forlorn, unfed,
His hand ne'er ventur'd on his purse
To give relief, and, what was worse,
He would alarm the wretches' fears
With beadles fierce and overseers,
Or talk of laws for vagrants made,
Which call the scourge-man to their aid.

Thus nought was look'd for at his hands,
But justice strict to just demands :
No smiling, generous overflow
Of fair reward would he bestow ;
No bounty did his thoughts prepare
For duty's overweening care ;
While service, by affection wrought,
Was, in his reck'ning, set at nought.

QUÆ GENUS gave in his account ;
Its justness own'd, the full amount
Was duly paid, but I'll forgive
The mind refusing to believe,
That, when the rich man should discover
That he had paid some nine-pence over,
He did, without a look of shame,
That pittance as a balance claim :
It may appear full passing strange,
But 'tis a fact, he took the change,
And did the jingling half-pence greet,
Like fish-women in open street.
E'en the worn wardrobe of the Knight,
Which is esteem'd the valet's right,
The gen'ral heir-loom of his place,
Was seiz'd by the curmudgeon base,
And borne away, a paltry gain,
To his own Store in Mincing-Lane :
But when, among the other dues,
Were order'd off the *Gouty Shoes*,
QUÆ GENUS, with contempt inflam'd,
Thus, in a hearty tone, exclaim'd,
“ Away, to the mean merchant bear 'em !
Heaven grant he may be forc'd to wear 'em ! ”
— Thus things went on ;— then came the time,
(The truth e'en shames my humble rhyme)

When the Executor and Heir,
For one did both the titles share,
Appear'd to pay, in legal guise,
The wages and the legacies.
QUÆ GENUS, who had lately been
A favour'd actor in the scene,
Could not have guess'd at such disaster
From such a friend and such a master :
And though he strove, he scarce could hide
The feelings of an honest pride,
When, from Sir *Jeffery's* error, he
And those who wore a livery,
Nay even house and kitchen-maid
Were in the same proportions paid,—
When his allotted mourning bore
The same coarse stuff the coachman wore.
But how his heart began to beat
When he was charg'd for the *receipt* !

All his distinction now was lost,
And he who long had rul'd the roast,
Had, since Sir *Jeffery* went to rest,
Been of his station dispossess'd ;
Nay, not a common smile remain'd
Of all the favour he had gain'd,
While beggarly mistrust took place,
Which he must feel as foul disgrace :
For ev'ry key had been demanded ;
One instant made him empty-handed
Dismiss'd from his late envied station
Without a nod of approbation,
He was preparing to depart
With downcast look and heavy heart ;
Nor could e'en Molly's tender smile
Of one sad thought that heart beguile

HIS FAREWELL SPEECH.

“ And now, I say, adieu, my friends,
For here our fellow-service ends.
You need not put on sorrowing faces ;
You will soon meet with ready places ;
'Tis me whose disappointing care,
Of cheering prospects, bids despair.
—You all, I'm sure can well believe,
I have most ample cause to grieve
That cruel Fortune thus should frown,
When I thought her fond smiles my own.
—Sir *Jeffery* now is laid in dust,
But when alive, how good, how just !
And all who knew him well must know
He never wish'd to use me so.
Had he believ'd his end so nigh,
I should have had the legacy,
Which would have made me full amends
For loss of fortune, loss of friends.
Another day had he surviv'd,
To the next morning had he liv'd,
It might, perhaps, have been my fate
To know an independent state,
As he had told me, o'er and o'er,
I ne'er should go to service more.
When I did on his wants attend
He spoke as a familiar friend :
How often too we might be seen
Chatting within the Indian screen !
Whenever we were left alone,
We seem'd not two, but were as one.
I knew each tit-bit that he lov'd ;
He always what I gave approv'd ;
And as I stood beside his chair,
Attending with respectful air,

He oft would bid me sit and dine,
Fill up his glass and pour out mine.
—When thumb and finger he applied
To the gold snuff box by his side,
I shar'd the pinch, and he ne'er ceas'd
To say, 'God bless you,' when I sneez'd ;
Nay, when my snortings I repeated,
He thus my awkward flurry greeted,
'My friend, familiarize your nose
To this exhilarating dose,
For sure as we together dine
This box, *QUÆ GENUS*, shall be thine !'
But that kind friend, alas ! is dead,
And box and snuff and all are fled.
Nay, had I now a hope on earth,
And could engage in trifling mirth,
I here might my complainings close
With disappointments of my nose.
—His common purse I could command,
'Twas daily open to my hand ;
You all well know I paid his bills,
And when, to ease his various illa,
Sir *Midriff* came, I us'd to squeeze
Into his palm the welcome fees.
Whene'er I showed my weekly book,
He never gave the page a look ;
And when I urg'd it the good Knight
Would smile and say, 'I'm sure 'tis right.'
Nay, I can say, in ev'ry sense,
I ne'er abus'd his confidence :
No, no, I never did purloin
An atom of the lowest coin,
And what I have to Heaven is known,
In honest truth, to be my own,
Then wonder not, I feel it hard,
'To be depriv'd of my reward,

And, by such a chance, be hurl'd
 Again to struggle with the world.
 Reasons, besides, I must not tell,
 Why the Knight treated me so well ;
 But I play'd no delusive part,
 And they did honour to his heart :
 Of that heart, had he left a share,
 As well as fortune to his heir,
 I need not now indulge despair." }

"Mr. QUÆ GENUS, never fear,"
 The Coachman said, "your spirits cheer !
 Dame Fortune has look'd down 'tis plain,
 But the jade may look up again :
 'Tis true that dev'lish oyster-pie
 Fell souse upon the legacy :
 E'en so it was, I cannot doubt it,
 But I would think no more about it.
 You so well know your P's and Q's,
 That you have but to pick and chuse.
 I speak the truth, there are but few
 Mr. QUÆ GENUS, such as you :
 And though the merchant will not give
 The bounty which you should receive,
 What though he would not spare a farthing
 To save a soul of us from starving,
 Good names he'll give us, as he ought,
 For they we know will cost him nought ;
 'Twere better therefore to be civil,
 And hold the candle to the Devil,
 For we as servants cannot stir
 Without a show of character.
 —As you perceive, I'm not a chick,
 And know enough to make one sick :
 Nay, somewhat my experience lends,
 To guess at this world's odds and ends.

I've been in many curious places ;
 I've serv'd my Lords,—and serv'd their Graces ;
 And, which gives work of more ado,
 I've even serv'd my Ladies too :
 I knew to shut or ope my eyes,
 To see strange things, nor look surprise.
 Sometimes good-luck has given a lift,
 And sometimes, I've been turn'd adrift ;
 But should I live to Judgement-day,
 No, I will never fail to say,
 That I ne'er so much comfort knew,
 As since this house was rul'd by you.
 —Now, when you get an upper place,
 Which soon, I'm sure, must be the case,
 If then your favour will contrive,
 I should my Lord or Lady drive,
 For I the reins can handle true
 Of pairs, of fours, and sixes too,
 I promise, nay, my word engages
 To give you poundage from my wages.
 —I know you're gen'rous, kind and free,
 But here you will accord with me,
 That interest has a powerful weight
 Both with the little and the great :
 You see it well by what is past,
 Since your fine plan is overcast.
 I do not wish to give offence,
 But interest is common sense,
 And he who does not look to that,
 Mr. QUÆ GENUS, is a FLAT."

The blunt, rough *Coachman*, said no more :
 When *Molly's* fine black eyes ran o'er :
 The *Cook* look'd grave, and *Betty* sigh'd, }
 The *Kitchen-maid* sat still and cried,
 While *Thomas* not a word replied. —

QUÆ GENUS, not to be remiss,
Gave to each maid a friendly kiss,
And when he whisper'd his adieu
To charming *Molly*, he gave two :
Perhaps, if they were counted o'er,
Her sweet lips might acknowledge more :
Then told her softly not to fear,
And kindly whisper'd in her ear,
"What e'er my lot, I will be true
To fond affection and to you."

Our gloomy Hero now departed,
And left the mansion heavy-hearted,
Where in such comfort he had liv'd,
Nor, till dismiss'd it, ever griev'd,
And, with a tardy step, retir'd
To a snug lodging he had hir'd.

Thus once again by Fortune thrown
On the wide world, and all alone,
Without th' appearance of a friend
On whose kind aid he could depend,
QUÆ GENUS pac'd his lonely floor
All to and fro and o'er and o'er,
Thinking what efforts might be made,
What stroke be struck, what game be play'd,
To place him in some active state
That promis'd to be fortunate.
One consolation he possest,
Which, though it did not charm to rest
The rising troubles of his breast,
Yet still, whatever might confound him,
Gave him full time to look around him,
And, on whatever project bent,
To weigh its views, and wait th' event.

For, though his purse might not run o'er,
 He had a snug, sufficient store,
 To keep his anxious spirits free
 From any dread of penury,
 And guard him amidst toils and strife,
 Against the insidious smiles of life,
 That do so often tempt the mind
 To cast discretion far behind,
 Or make it fearful hazards try,
 Impell'd by dire necessity.

—He had not yet unripp'd his coat,
 In which conceal'd lay every note
 Which he from *Gripe-all's* clutches got :
 A hoard on which he might depend,
 When he look'd round nor saw a friend.
 Besides, he had no trifle gain'd,
 While with Sir *Jeffery* he remain'd ;
 For though, as has been lately said,
 He never play'd a trick of trade ;
 Nor had he even thought it right
 To take a valet's perquisite,
 Nor e'er allow'd his hands to seize
 The household steward's common fees,
 But of the strict and rigid law
 Of duty ever stood in awe.

—All this the Knight full well believ'd,
 Nor could he think himself deceiv'd,
 When once he answer'd to a friend,
 Who did the young man's cares commend.
 "That same *QUÆ GENUS* is so just
 In all committed to his trust,
 To his right notions such a slave,
 He would not with a razor shave,
 Nor use a strap, nor ply a hone,
 He had not purchas'd as his own."—

Thus, as most worthy of his charge,
Sir *Jeffery's* annual pay was large,
And when th' allotted quarter came,
Something was added to his claim,
Which with such gen'rous grace was given,
It seem'd like Manna sent from Heaven!—
Besides, his wages, being high,
Encreas'd the gen'ral legacy,
Which he with all the household shar'd;
The last, and now his sole reward.

Thus so far independence brought
A gleam of comfort on his thought;
He was not left on ruin's brink
To sit and sigh, and swear and think.
Two points alone he had in view,
He thought it hard they were but *two*;
Nor could he call his fortune kind
When they alone employ'd his mind:
These were the DOCTORS, won by fees
To make most bounteous promises;
And though these GALENS might deny 'em,
He was at least resolv'd to try 'em;
And, if Sir MIDRIFF should decline,
He would apply to ANODYNE.
—The *former*, if he pleas'd, could well,
And with strict truth, his value tell:
For none with such experience knew
That he was active, honest, true,
And to his patient, well or ill,
Did ev'ry duteous care fulfil.
Nay, that it was the Knight's good pleasure
To speak of him as of a treasure.

Now, on his serious purpose bent,
He to Sir MIDRIFF BOLUS went;

But then, alas ! as we shall see,
 His face did not forebode a fee :
 Nor did the great man smiling meet him,
 Or with a tone familiar greet him,
 As his keen humour us'd to do
 When *golden sovereigns* were in view :
 Nor did he take him by the hand,
 As when it did the coin command.
 He now put on a curious leer,
 That said, " I pray, what brought *you* here ? "
 " I'm come to hope you'll condescend
 To prove yourself my promis'd friend,"
 QUÆ GENUS said, " and with this view,
 I now present myself to you.
 You told me, ' when your master's gone,
 Look on my friendship as your own.'
 He's gone, alas, I too well know,
 To me a most affecting blow :
 But still, I trust, I may engage
 Your kind, protecting patronage,
 And, among those of rank and wealth
 Who make you guardian of their health,
 Your favour may smile on my fate,
 And I renew an household state,
 Like that which crown'd my better days,
 When I enjoy'd your frequent praise."

The Doctor now his suppliant ey'd,
 And thus in hasty tone replied.
 " Indeed I've something else to do
 Than thus to be employ'd by you :
 I'm in great haste and must away,
 My patients wait, I cannot stay,
 To hear you, your fine story tell :—
 So, honest friend, I wish you well."—

—Thus when Sir *Jeffery's* fees were o'er
He thought not of QUÆ GENUS more.

Now, as he pac'd along the street, }
Thus did he to himself repeat,
"Is this the fortune I must meet?" }
Is this the merited reward
Which they receive who strive to guard
Their hearts against the tempting guise
Of int'rest and its sorceries;
And say to Virtue, 'Maid divine!
Behold thy slave, I'm wholly thine!'
—It is not that I now repent,
Or harbour selfish discontent,
That I should hesitate to seize
The golden opportunities
Which were presented to my power,
Not ev'ry day, but ev'ry hour,
While with Sir *Jeffery Gourmand* I
Enjoy'd the means those arts to ply,
Which, by the curious eye unseen,
Might with such gains have pregnant been:
No, no, thank Heaven, I'm not embued
With that worst vice, Ingratitude;
An odious vice that is of kin
To every other mortal sin.
I felt his kindness, and where'er
My lot may be of pain and care,
Those kind reflections I possess
To make me smile in my distress,
That I ne'er for a moment swerv'd
From the best duties he deserv'd;
Nay, which he, to his closing days,
So often honour'd with his praise,—
And should it be my lot to find
Another master good and kind,

Whose gen'rous heart would condescend
 To treat QUÆ GENUS as a friend,
 This I may truly boast, that he
 Should find an humble friend in me,
 Whose soul is faithful loyalty ! }
 I would the path of truth pursue
 As I have long been us'd to do ;
 And where, howe'er oblig'd to bend
 To pressing views, my wishes tend.
 But, in this world of chance and change,
 As it appears, I'm doom'd to range,
 And I may be oblig'd to treat it
 As it will be my lot to meet it.
 I will not rob nor will I steal, }
 But from myself I'll not conceal
 The secret purpose which I feel.
 Commandments I will never break,
 But when fair interest is at stake,
 I'll follow in my future views
 The conduct which the world pursues ;
 And when that principle I own,
 The world will have no right to frown.
 Thus whatsoe'er may be my station,
 Where chance may fix my next vocation
 I'll keep discretion in my view,
 As prudent folk profess to do.
 —But ere throughout the town at large
 I look for some inviting charge,
 Though with one Doctor I have fail'd,
 Another now shall be assail'd ;
 Though brilliant prospects may not shine,
 Yet I'll e'en go to ANODYNE.
 The QUACK may prove a better friend
 Than e'er Sir MIDRIF might intend ;
 At all events, howe'er perverse,
 'Tis plain he cannot prove a worse ;

Howe'er that be, I can but try."—
—Thus clos'd his thoughts' soliloquy.

QUÆ GENUS now pass'd up the Court
The sickly patient's still resort,
Where, in a corner quite retired,
The mansion stood which he desired,
Whose door, bedight with darksome green
And mouldings edg'd with black, is seen ;
While letter'd gold appears to shine
And tell the name of ANODYNE.
He touch'd the well-known tinkling-bell
That did some sickly presence tell,
When the door op'd with rapid force,
And patients glided in of course.
There was ne'er heard a knocker's sound,
To rouse the idle neighbours round,
Or to the windows call the eye
Of peeping curiosity.

The signal was not given twice ;
QUÆ GENUS enter'd in a trice
And sought the solemn Doctor's nook,
Where he sat with a folio book,
Some ancient Galen's learned creed,
Which 'tis not certain he could read :
Alone, o'er this he gravely doz'd,
But when the sick arriv'd, he clos'd
The cumbrous volume, and gave ear
The tale of some distress to hear.
To JOHNNY this was no new scene,
For here he had full often been,
But as he *fee-less* ne'er before
Had hasten'd through the well-known door,

He felt some doubts within his mind
 What sort of welcome he should find.
 Sir MIDRAIFF's conduct it appears,
 Had chang'd his promis'd hopes to fears;
 And when he felt such rude disdain
 From one who rul'd in Warwick-Lane,
 Who boasted of superior knowledge
 To all the learned of the College;
 Who from his frequent promise swerv'd,
 To one who his kind smiles deserv'd;
 Yet ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
 Possess'd the patronising power,
 With mere commending words to gain
 The boon QUÆ GENUS ask'd in vain;—
 What good then could his hopes supply
 From the low pride of quackery,
 From one who rested his pretence
 On nostrums and on impudence.
 But he had felt that in Life's dance,
 We often owe to strokes of chance,
 That unexpected good prevail'd
 Where Reason's better hopes have fail'd.
 Such thoughts the purpose did incline
 To make his bows to ANODYNE.
 The Doctor with a friendly air,
 'Rose from his dictatorial chair,
 And pleasure told to see him there: }
 When thus QUÆ GENUS in reply,
 Began the following Colloquy.

QUÆ GENUS.

“Sir *Jeffery*, as, I trust, you know,
 Is gone, Sir, where we all must go;
 In spite of all your healing power,
 Has reach'd, at length, his final hour,

Though had he trusted all to you, }
And to Sir MIDRIFF bade adieu, }
Which he was half inclin'd to do, }
Perhaps, my present visit here
Would not so penniless appear ;
For I am come, as you must see,
Without the pass-port of a fee.
It is self-interest, I fear,
Yes, I must own it, brings me here.
Since his departure I am hurl'd
To push my fortune in the world,
And may I now with courage say,
You will assist me on my way ?
—Such is, alas ! my alter'd case,
I'm seeking for another place,
Though e'en my visionary mind
Can never hope again to find
Such a so envied household post,
As that which I have lately lost.
With fortune I shall ne'er contend
But smile on that which she may send ;
And of whatever state possess,
Be satisfied and act my best.
Now, as I've reason well to know,
Though 'tis not you have told me so,
That persons of superior worth,
The wealthy and of noble birth ;
Who, tir'd of physic's settled rules,
As taught in colleges and schools,
Have sought your bold and fearless skill,
The potent drafts and secret pill,
Which your *Acumen* can impart,
Beyond the reach of drudging art,
And I have heard will cure the pain,
When boasting science tries in vain :

Nor is this all, the tonish fair
 Attend to seek your healing care.
 When here I've for Sir *Jeffery* been, }
 Dames of high figure I have seen,
 Lolling behind your folding screen
 With all their gay caricatures
 The lively eye's attractive lures.
 Broad bonnets all beflower'd o'er,
 Are often passing through your door,
 And I have glanc'd at many a shawl
 That glided through your gloomy hall.
 When such grand visitors as these
 Apply to you to give them ease ;
 And when your skill relieves their pain,
 That is the time their grace to gain,
 And then, good Doctor, you might see
 If you could gain a grace for me ;
 While to some patient you commend
 The service of your humble friend :
 Nor will he fail returns to make,
 Which you may condescend to take ;
 And grateful memory will repay
 Your kindness to his dying day."

The modest suit was not denied,
 And thus, th' assenting Don replied.

"QUÆ GENUS, my regards are thine,
 As sure as my name's ANODYNE.
 —If worth lay in a flatt'ring tongue,
 You would not want a service long ;
 For if you do with caution use it,
 Where is the ear that will refuse it ?
 'Tis but the art how to apply
 The well-conceal'd artillery,

And, more or less, the well-told tale
Will o'er the pliant mind prevail.
Your int'rest, friend, I'll not neglect,
Perhaps do more than you expect ;
Nay, I e'en may your mind surprise,
When I mark how that int'rest lies ;—
But 'tis not where your hopes may look,
'Tis not that page in fortune's book.
—The higher folk who come to me
Are all involv'd in secrecy :
Those who can't walk employ a hack,
When they employ the humble quack :
Hence, no fine carriages resort
About the purlieus of my court,
For the rich owners, with their wealth,
Blush to pass this bye-way to health.
Such is proud fashion's powerful rule
O'er many a purse-proud, titled fool :
They tell me all their sickness claims,
But seem afraid to tell their names.
—There's an old man I sometimes see,
And faith he brings a handsome fee,
Whose hackney always drops his fare
Just by, in the adjoining Square :
Where, when we've clos'd our consultation,
He hobbles to regain his station.
In a loose coat of common wear,
This person chuses to appear ;
With his round hat and dingy caxon,
He calls himself a Mr. Jackson ;
Though still his manners and his words
Are such as highest rank affords :
And, sure as I e'er gave a puke,
I know the man to be a duke.—
But I, of course, the secret keep,
And let his splendid titles sleep.

—I have two ladies now in hand,
 Whose whims and fancies I command :
 They tell of humours on the skin,
 But then they only shew their chin ;
 No other part they let me see,
 Such is their bashful fantasy.
 They seem to think I doubt their graces,
 As veils o'erspread their pimpled faces,
 So that where'er they chuse to show 'em,
 I do not think that I should know 'em.
 Yet by their chat they have betray'd,
 That one's a wife, and one's a maid :
 Nor from the names can they refrain
 Of *Lady Bell* and *Lady Jane*.
 They never fail in their appointments,
 And are fast curing by my ointments :
 Thus, from their praise, I hope to claim
 An added honour to my name.
 Nor are these all ; for many more
 Of wealth and rank pass through my door ;
 Though still as I have said before,
 They to such aid as mine apply
 All mask'd in fearful secrecy.
 These whims I have explain'd, to prove
 I cannot in this quarter move ;
 And where I could your worth commend
 It would degrade you to attend.
 But I shall now unfold to view,
 Another chance I have for you :
 And let your patience ope its ear
 To all you are about to hear.

" 'Tis not to breathe the tonish air
 Of Portland-Place, or Grosvenor-Square,
 Or stand behind her Grace's chair :

'Tis not to serve the titled beaux,
And flourish in your master' clothes :
'Tis not, as you are wont, to grace
Some peopled household's highest place,
Though well-accomplish'd as you are,
'Tis chance alone can place you there :
For, through your days, you may not boast
A master such as you have lost ;
Nay, your precarious life may end
Before a master proves a friend ;
And, after all, old age may come
Without an alms-house for a home.
Think, think in what a woeful plight
The man must live who's pocket's light !
Are not his hours by want depress'd ?
Penurious care corrodes his breast ;
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.
O be not led away by pride,
But use the means that may provide
For future wants, when evils press,
And life is pregnant with distress !
Hear me, my friend, nor let surprise
With staring looks burst from your eyes,
When I, in language frank and free,—
Tell you to come and *live with me*.

“ Think not I want you for a hack,
A serving menial to a quack ;
If to my interests you attend,
You will be treated as a friend. }
On this be sure you may depend,
That you will find a better station,
In profit as in inclination,
Than were you hired to be solus
Behind the chair of Doctor BOLUS.

—Within a week, perhaps a day,
 You'll see the part you have to play.
 The man I had, whom you have seen,
 Might still beneath this roof have been,
 But he by coughing was worn down
 To a poor gasping skeleton,
 And 'twere not fit I should endure
 One in my house I could not cure
 He would not prove a tempting sign
 To spread the fame of ANODYNE :
 But in the time he here remain'd,
 He had a little fortune gain'd.

—Your knowledge, which I well can trace,
 Is far above a servant's place,
 And would a higher station grace.

The pleasing manners you possess,
 Your winning speech and nice address,
 Might call to your ambitious view,
 An higher state than you pursue ;
 Though still your savings you might waste,
 Before you're suited to your taste.

—Such aid as your's I long have wanted,
 And if my warm proposal's granted,
 You must at once grow wond'rous dull,
 Or soon your pocket will be full :
 Here, in one year, you will get more
 Than with your noble lords in four.

Nay, on the honour of a friend,
 Who no deception can intend,
 You'll greatly err, if you decline
 Such an official place as mine.

—I'll teach you how to cup and bleed ;
 These operations you will need ;
 The pulses' movements you shall know,
 When they are either high or low :

While other symptoms of disease
I can communicate with ease.
All this, if I the truth discern,
Your ready mind will quickly learn.
Besides 'tis right to let you know
You'll have no nauseous work to do ;
For the old woman spreads the blisters,
Rolls up the pills and stirs the clysters.
While 'tis my hand alone composes
The patients' necessary doses,
And your chief care is to dispense
These med'cines with your eloquence.
—But I have sick folk to attend,
So while away an hour, my friend :
And as I trust you'll stay and dine,
We'll close our bargain o'er our wine."

CANTO VI

IT often happens as we range
Through life, an unexpected change,
With sudden stroke may pain destroy
And turn our thoughts from grief to joy :
Or as some shock cuts off relief
May turn a flow of joy to grief.
Thus our days' varying system bears
Th' alternate play of hopes and fears :
Nay, when more pleasant views provoke,
May turn our gravity to joke.
Besides, as in the Drama's art,
The scene displays the varying part,
So apt are we to play the fool,
We serve for our own ridicule :
And when sly Fortune's pleas'd to vary
Our progress with some strange vagary,
We oft become such merry elves
To burst with laughter at ourselves.

Thus as QUÆ GENUS pac'd the room,
Reflecting on the time to come,
And all the heap of promis'd good
By ANODYNE to be bestow'd ;
That he was to be cramm'd with wealth,
And turn all sickness into health ;
His fancy, tickled at the thought,
He set each serious wish at nought,

And laugh'd till his sides seem'd to crack,
To think he should become a Quack.
But when he had indulg'd the joke
Which this idea might provoke,
He thought more gravely of the case
And vow'd to take the proffer'd place :
At all events, he could but try
This self-same scheme of quackery :
At least some knowledge he should gain,
And knowledge never comes in vain.
Indeed, what harm, if he succeed in
The arts of cupping and of bleeding ?
The lancet's power to command
Might be of use in any hand,
And e'en in any hand might save
A forlorn sufferer from the grave ;
While he might well instructed be
In principles of Pharmacy.
He also felt that application
Might fit him for a better station ;
That in some distant country town,
He might a *Galen's* title own :
Where, if his fortune did not vary,
He might strut an Apothecary.

Thus between gravity and smile
Conceit play'd its full part the while,
Though not without a view to gains
Which might reward his present pains :
Indeed he knew the means that made 'em,
For he had for Sir *Jeffery* paid 'em :
As while for potion, pill and plaister
A golden fee awaits the master ;
He found it was a useful plan,
With lesser coin, to fee the man,

Who had the means to lift the latch
 That did the secret wish dispatch ;
 And could th' impatience set to rest
 Of the more eager, grumbling guest.
 —Thus, with lively hope high-season'd,
 QUÆ GENUS walk'd about and reason'd ;
 And, in his Pericranium fast,
 This grave opinion fix'd at last :
 If not in honour, yet in purse,
 • *He might go further and fare worse,—*
 But if no other good were done,
 There might be sure a world of fun.

Patients that morning had been plenty,
 Not less it seems than five-and-twenty ;
 This the old woman smiling stated,
 And told him that the dinner waited.
 The table shew'd a plenteous treat
 Of fish and fowl and sav'ry meat,
 But poor QUÆ GENUS scarce could eat. }
 For, though prepar'd for any diet,
 His hunger soon repos'd in quiet.
 The Doctor fed, but talk'd the while,
 Of gastric juice and flowing bile ;
 Of kidneys and o'ergrowing liver,
 As of sore eyes now cur'd for ever ;
 What his fam'd *Nostrum* had perform'd,
 And how it had the bowels storm'd
 Of guttling Gourmand with such force,
 That it a passage made of course,
 Which three great Doctors tried in vain,
 With all their boasted skill to gain.
 Besides our hero did not know
 How cookery went on below,
 And he might think, poor dainty sinner,
 That the same hands had dress'd the dinner,

Which were entrusted with the care
 Each daily med'cine to prepare ;
 To melt the salves and spread anon
 The cerates and diacolon ;
 That did the drugs or grind or pound,
 And dress the sore leg's running wound :
 But so it was, a sick sensation
 Check'd all his powers of mastication,
 And caus'd his stomach to resent
 The very taste of nutriment :
 Nay his sad appetite approv'd
 When all the dishes were remov'd.
 —They therefore soon had ceas'd to dine
 And o'er the second pint of wine
 The bargain clos'd with ANODYNE.
 What that was, it is fit to know,
 And the verse now will briefly show.

QUÆ GENUS had made up his mind
 Not to his interest to be blind ;
 But in the game that path pursue
 Which prudence says we ought to do,
 Nor to let scruples overpower
 Th' advantage of the passing hour,
 And yet that artifice restrain
 Whose daily efforts are for gain :
 In short to take the middle plan,
 Which, as the world is us'd to scan,
 Marks what is call'd an *Honest Man*.
 He might not hesitate complying
 With a small spice of useful lying
 That idle questions might disarm,
 Do some slight good, but never harm,
 Afford a sentimental grace
 To conversation's common place,

And give a customary aid
To all the retail slang of trade.
With mind thus settled and prepar'd
He ANODYNE's first lecture heard,
And as it surely was the best,
We shall pass over all the rest.

ANODYNE.

“This the first rule that I shall trace :—
You must command a solemn face ;
Nor suffer objects to beguile
Your features to familiar smile.
Here, I must own, you oft may see
What may court transient pleasantry ;
For e'en 'midst misery and pain,
You'll find such whims and fancies reign,
Hear patients cough and grunt and sneeze
In such uncouth, discordant keys,
That without care, I should not wonder
Your muscles into laugh might blunder.
You have a speech runs off at score,
As rapid as a chaise and four,
But with my sickly folk be slow
As a stage-waggon's us'd to go ;
And pray remember to apply
Your words with due solemnity.
I know you well can suit your tongue
To any age, to old or young ;
Nor will the task your care perplex
In the complaints of either sex ;
And bear in mind, whate'er you see,
To veil your thoughts with modesty :
But hear the great and leading rule
Of this my Esculapian school.





Drawn by Rowlandson

QUE GENUS WITH A QUACK DOCTOR.

"I care not by what name you call
This spacious parlour, room or hall :
But here my daily patients range
Whose order you must never change :
Were I to take them one by one,
By Heaven I should ne'er have done ;
And, therefore, govern'd by their feather
I thus assort my birds together.
Here, on the right, are duly seated
Those who for gouty freaks are treated,
Then comes the symptomatic fever,
And next the bilious and their liver :
Then follow others in their turn,
The chills which shake, the heats that burn ;
The stomachs which will ne'er digest
The food their feeders love the best ;
The wheesers too are not far off,
All those who hem and spit and cough,
With such, not of the happiest kind,
Whose bowels threat to crack with wind
The Hypochondres here repose
Impatient for the cordial dose,
And children on the carpet brawl,
Till my spice biscuits calm the squall.

"I first review th' assembled tribe
Then walk off stately and prescribe,
When I consign to your quick sense
Th' appropriate med'cines to dispense,
To all the classes in your view,
With gentle tone and caution due :
See then how much depends on you. }
Each case that asks superior art
I send into a room apart ;
And *there* I never feel alarm ;
I play no tricks and do no harm.

When I a desp'rate illness see,
 For patients must not die with me,
 I recommend them to repair
 To goat's-milk and the country air ;
 And when such counsel they receive
 They do not fail to take their leave,
 Full of my candour and disdain
 Of any little paltry gain.
 Deep cuts, sore legs and gummy eyes,
 With all the common casualties,
 I with my healing dame bestow,
 In her snug, secret cell below :
 Indeed I've sometimes star'd to see
 The wonders of her surgery.
 —'Tis true 'mong doctors I'm not famous,
 But still I'm not an *Ignoramus* ;
 For I can play a skillfull part
 In elements of chymic art ;
 I give the drafts a varying hue,
 To-day so red, to-morrow blue,
 And touch them with a diff'rent savour,
 To give a worse or better flavour,
 As it may suit, then change their name,
 Though they may be the very same,
 Both in their object and their aim. }

" It is with me a leading fashion
 To play thus with imagination ;
 A symptom that doth never cease,
 Or more or less in all disease.
 There are sly shifts in ev'ry trade,
 Which money calls in to its aid :
 But here I'd have it understood,
 If when my practice does no good,
 My conscience never has the qualm,
 That I do any real harm.

Nor are my various cures unknown
As placards tell of my renown !
My nostrums oft my hopes fulfil,
Nor do I know they ever kill.
Those cases which I've cause to doubt,
And cannot find their symptoms out,
I never fail to leave to nature,
Who is a wonder-working creature :
And my chief cures which make a stir,—
I e'en must own I owe to her.—
—Such the great object of my care.—
Fear not, you will th' advantage share.
But know, when all my sick are here,
You as *Inferior* must appear ;
But business o'er and they are gone,
Then good QUÆ GENUS, we are one ! ”

At length the compact was agreed,
And all things promis'd to succeed :
Our Hero soon could cup and bleed ;
And, with a kind, officious grace,
The med'cine gave in time and place ;
Nay, as occasion might afford,
Bitters improve with sweet'ning word :
He had acquir'd the art to please
With welcome flatt'ries such as these.

*“ How stout your legs appear to-day !
I trust you have walk'd all the way !
And ere that our brief work is done,
We shall have taught you how to run ! ”*

*“ O madam ! how I must rejoice,
That you have lost your husky voice ;
Soon I doubt not that I shall find
Your tones are of the sweetest kind ! ”*

*" And that fine face I grieve'd to view
 When cloth'd in such a pallid hue ;
 But I have seen, this passing week,
 The colour coming on your cheek.
 And if some ill does not oppose,
 We soon shall see the tender rose :
 And hope's a friend that will supply
 The prospect which, I trust, is nigh."*

Now sometimes he would give a scope
 To his propensity to joke.
 For 'mid this pale-fac'd, grumbling mess
 'Twere well to stir some chearfulness :
 For if a parson chose to squeeze
 A lady on her crummy knees,
 (For here a little play and prate
 Might cheer a sickly *tête-à-tête*)
 His whisper might perchance declare,
 " Doctor, her pulses are not there."
 —At all events, things went on well,
 As the pleas'd verse may freely tell ;
 And the young Doctor ne'er complain'd
 Of what he by his office gain'd.

But here we now shall change our road
 And slip into an *Episode* ;
 It is a common way we know,
 In which much better poets go :
 Though pride will not suggest that we
 Can be accus'd of *poetry* ;
 Yet we must own that, in our time,
 We have stirr'd up some reams of *Rhyme*.
 Howe'er that be, we now must come
 To steer our Hero's walks from home.

Among the few who sought the aid
Of ANODYNE's more secret trade,
Was one who sent a written case
Which did his various symptoms trace :
Thus, when the Quack prepar'd the dose,
QUÆ GENUS took it snug and close :
He only knew the cordial sent,
To whom address'd, and where it went :
Besides it was his daily task
Questions of import grave to ask.
How was his pulse? How had he slept?
If tremors o'er the system crept?
With such enquiries as our verse
Might feel it awkward to rehearse.

Of that no more, the patient's name
Was *Woodlands*, known in rural fame :
Through early years, a sportsman he,
The flower of hunting chivalry ;
Was rich, and as he well was able,
Saw jovial sportsmen round his table,
Drank hard and lov'd the evening glee,
With those who drank as hard as he.
But gout, with other ills came on,
And jovial life was pass'd and gone :
Health's active season now was o'er,
When he could hunt and feast no more.
He sold his hounds and took a wife,
To soothe the latter years of life ;
But they were few, as we shall see,
In spite of care and Quackery.
She was a *Belle* of rural fame,
Who gave her troth and bore his name :
Whate'er had been her hopes and views
When she did an old husband chuse,

The knowledge we do not profess,
 But leave the gen'rous mind to guess.
 At all events, her outward mien,
 As it should be had always been,
 Nor had a jealous eye suspected
 Her duty had been e'er neglected.
 But as infirm he now was grown,
 At her desire, he came to town
 To seek Physicians of renown. }
 He first had one, he then had two,
 But their prescriptions did not do ;
 When still her care prevail'd, and she
 Another sought, so he had three ;
 And no more good seem'd to be done,
 Than if he had been seen by none.
 —Thus matters stood, nay he grew worse
 When an old busy, chattering nurse,
 Talk'd of the cures, almost divine,
 Of our friend Doctor ANODYNE.
 The drowning catch at any reed,
 And all is help in desp'rate need :
 Thus the rich man propos'd to try
 The boasted aid of Quackery,
 And what he wish'd, Amelia said,
 With anxious smile, must be obey'd.
 —Thus then it is, as we have seen,
 QUÆ GENUS has the attendant been ;
 But now we are about to see
 What a snug *Proteus* he can be.

The Lady, to his great surprise,
 Oft view'd him with enquiring eyes,
 And did a kind attention show
 Which he thought queer she should bestow,
 But he soon found the matter out ;
 Madam herself clear'd up the doubt,

As, in her *Boudoir's* still recess,
 She did her quiet thoughts express.
 In a soft, pleasant tone she spoke,
 As half in earnest half in joke ;
 But as she thus her mind unveil'd,
 It might be seen what thought prevail'd.
 "There's something in your air and face
 That tells me you will not disgrace
 The trust which I now wish to place
 In your obedience to my will ;
 And if you do that trust fulfil,
 If you act up to my intent,
 QUÆ GENUS never shall repent."
 —His fingers on his lips he press'd,
 He clos'd his hands upon his breast ;
 With most submissive air he bow'd,
 And secrecy he swore and vow'd ;
 When Madam *Woodlands* thus proceeded :
 (I scarce need add that she succeeded.)
 "You do a Doctor's business ply ;
 Now do not stare,—for so do I :
 There is a pale-fac'd patient too
 Whose certain cure I have in view,
 And I've a med'cine that will prove
 Specific,—as he's sick of love ;
 It will, in time, set all at ease,
 And cure the pangs of his disease ;
 For no prescription can be better
 Than that contain'd within this letter,
 Which you, my friend, must understand
 To give into the patient's hand.
 Believe me too, when you are told,
 You'll find it worth its weight in gold.
 —There is," she said, "a smile I see
 Now stealing on your gravity ;

But know, QUÆ GENUS I do nought
 That is with base dishonour fraught ;
 My whims, though secret, common-sense
 Will clothe in garb of innocence."—
 In short, but not without a fee,
 He took the balmy recipe,
 And ev'ry time he bore a letter
 The patient's case was growing better.

Thus fortune kindly did bestow
 'Two strings to our keen Hero's bow ;
 And to his wishes, in good troth,
 He reap'd no common gains from both.
 —But here, another lucky hour
 Did on his hopes new promise pour :
 For Madam *Woodlands* more than hinted,
 If, in his present projects stinted,
 He should no longer wish to shine
 With Quackery and ANODYNE,
 He might, by her all-fav'ring grace,
 Attain her household's highest place.
 He saw, and not by way of whim,
 This was the very place for him ;
 But still he felt he could not quit,
 As in a momentary fit,
 That state he to the Doctor ow'd,
 And which such benefit bestow'd ;
 Then, without proper warning, leave him,
 Or with some scurvy tale deceive him,
 He saw in any point of view
 That honour prompts, it would not do.
 Thus, in a state of constant doubt,
 He scarce knew what he was about,
 And to the daily patients gave
 Their med'cines just as chance would have.

To all diseases waiting there
 He did not e'en appear to care
 What was the complaint or where, }
 If it was fever or the gout ;
 But left each dose to find it out.
 —Thus strange indeed, but it appear'd
 The healing shop would soon be clear'd,
 The patients calmly pass'd away ;
 Nay, some of them were rather gay, }
 And fees forsook th' impoverish'd day.
 When this change our QUÆ GENUS saw,
 He thought awhile and felt an awe,
 When it struck sudden on his sense,
 That his so wicked negligence,
 Had caus'd, perhaps, the final doom
 Of many an inmate of the room ;
 But, on a fearful search, he found,
 Not one of them was under ground,
 Nay, that by giving med'cines wrong,
 He did their precious lives prolong ;
 At least no harm they had endur'd,
 For by his blund'ring they were cur'd.
 Shrewd ANODYNE, of course, suspected
 That his prime bus'ness was neglected ;
 Indeed he clearly understood
 QUÆ GENUS did more harm than good,
 And therefore, without much delay,
 Hinted in a good-humour'd way,
 " You're tir'd, my friend, as it appears,
 (Of which I've sometime had my fears)
 You're tir'd of the *Galenic Art* ;
 'Twere better, therefore, that we part."
 QUÆ GENUS made a calm reply,
 With acquiescing modesty :
 Nor was a harsh, unpleasant word
 From these dissolving Doctors, heard.

In truth, each party was good-hearted ;
So they shook hands and thus they parted.

Our *Proteus* now is seen to grace
Another and a favour'd place ;
The confidential servant he
In 'Squire *Woodlands*' family :
But the poor 'Squire was hast'ning fast
To that sad hour which prov'd his last ;
For soon, alas, the fatal gout
Got in his head, and let life out ;
When Madam made a quick retreat
From town to the fine country seat
Which now was her's, with all the rest
Of the great wealth which he possess'd.

What tears the widow'd Lady shed
In sorrow o'er her husband dead,
Whether as they her cheeks bedew'd,
They flow'd from grief or gratitude ;
How calm or poignant was her woe,
We tell not, for we do not know.
Yet this we can with safety tell,
Because we surely know it well,
That through her husband's sickly life
She was a tender nurse and wife.
—But now another scene appears,
Dispers'd her grief, dried up her tears ;
Rich as she was and still a beauty,
She look'd to change her line of duty ;
'Twas Nature's act, as all will see
Who read her little history.

In earlier years, ere she was led
By Hymen to the marriage bed,

VALCOUR and she each other lov'd,
But their fond passion hopeless prov'd.
—She was high-bred with fortune small,
And his Commission was his all :
For though he was of ancient line
And did with noble virtues shine,
He was the youngest child of nine ; }
And ere her marriage rites were o'er
He sought renown on India's shore.
What he thus bravely sought he found,
And once more trod on British ground,
With that, but little else beside,
A month before Old Woodlands died.
He let her hear that still he lov'd,
She wrote, nor said she disapprov'd ;
That was the recipe to cure
The doubts his bosom might endure ;
In which QUÆ GENUS was employ'd,
And caus'd the good he now enjoy'd.
—But then she acted with discretion ;
As her fond husband's sole possession
She would not, at his last, allow
The promise of a future vow :
She felt her tender inclination,
As a reversionary passion
She must not own for him she lov'd,
Till Death each hindrance had remov'd.
For due decorum she obey'd,
And the sage widow's period stay'd ;
Nor till Time pull'd the Hatchment down,
Did she her *Valcour's* wishes crown :
But crown'd they were ; a splendid show
Did Fortune on the rites bestow,
When Hymen call'd on Love to shower
Its roses o'er the nuptial bower.

QUÆ GENUS did the sports contrive
 Which kept the country-folk alive,
 And all the scatter'd bounties flow'd
 As his disposing hand bestow'd,
 Nor did one over-curious mind
 Suspect that any lurk'd behind.
 Nay, it was order'd to his care
 The gen'ral figure to prepare
 That was to blaze in Portman-Square. }

He, who had sometime form'd the plan
 To set up for a *Gentleman*,
 Well knew the purse alone could aid
 The progress of that pretty trade,
 And now had learn'd, quite at his ease,
 To take the upper servant's fees,
 Which to fulfil his growing aim,
 In a resistless plenty came.

—VALCOUR was grand, his *Eastern Taste*
 Was not dispos'd to run to waste ;
 Madam had never yet made known
 Her beauty to th' admiring town,
 And ready wealth was now at hand
 Their mutual wishes to command :
 Plutus with Fashion standing by
 Impatient languish'd to supply
 Each wish of glowing luxury. }
 The tonish trade display'd its store
 Where our QUÆ GENUS kept the door ;
 In various forms, a numerous host
 All strove who should affect him most,
 And by what tempting means engage,
 His trusty, promis'd patronage.

Whene'er enquiry makes a stir
 To trace the human character,



Drawn by Roulmanison

QUE GENUS WITH A SPENDTHRIFT.



The strict and scrutinising eye
Must look for human frailty,
And will perceive as on we range,
Our dispositions prone to change,
Nor like the features of the face,
Fix'd on their first-born, native place.
So many tempting Sirens play
Their games to lead the heart astray,
So many gay temptations smile
The wav'ring prudence to beguile;
So many worldly interests wake
The pliant feelings to forsake
And wander from the beaten road
In which they hitherto have trod;
That reason from her judgement-seat
Must, with a tender rigour, treat
The venial errors of the mind,
And in severity be kind.

—Our Hero an example shews
To ask the candour we propose,
For he, we are compell'd to own,
Had given his thoughts a different tone.
As we have said, it was his plan
To be a *future Gentleman*,
And that he only could attain
By seizing all the means to gain
An added heap to that same store
Which luck'ly he possess'd before.
He, therefore, now had laid aside
Those scruples which his boasted pride
Maintain'd against the retail sense
Of the shrewd *Grocer's* eloquence,
While, with Sir *Jeffery Gourmand*, he
Preserv'd such pure fidelity.

—And here it should not be forgot
That it was *Molly's* happy lot,

By some keen plan which he had laid,
To be the Lady's fav'rite maid :
For *Molly* he sincerely lov'd,
And was with gen'rous passion mov'd ;
Nay, when his project he should carry,
He had engag'd the maid to marry :
Thus she was well prepar'd to join
In forwarding the main design ;
Which as it may, perhaps, appear
From the surmises hinted here,
Was never, never to refuse
What custom offer'd as their dues,
And all the op'ning hand of chance
Might gather from extravagance.
How far this system may succeed
Will soon be seen by those who read.

This VALCOUR was a noble creature,
Splendid and gen'rous in his nature ;
Nor had these feelings been decreas'd
By the profusion of the East,
Which he from well-earn'd station shar'd ;
But honour was his chief reward.
He no amass'd Pagodas brought
Whence treasures are so often sought :
Yet he, the favour'd lot of few,
As they bright fortune's track pursue,
Though India gave him mod'rate store,
Found plenteous wealth on Britain's shore.
—Full many a well fought field he try'd,
And MARS beheld his course with pride,
Nay bade the wreath of triumph glow
The Hero's pride, upon his brow,
While Knighthood's pointed star express'd
The tinsel glitter on his breast.

But VENUS, who such things disposes
Chang'd all the laurel into roses ;
And HYMEN did his state enfold
In saffron mantle, rich with gold.

As Nature in its fancies varies,
Sir CHARLES indulg'd in his vagaries,
With a wild love of shew and figure ;
Yet still he was resolv'd with rigour,
A line of prudence to pursue
And keep discretion in his view.
Full droll indeed it may appear
But thus he chose to persevere :
Not to run out was all that he
Consider'd as œconomy ;
If his rents answer'd what he spent
He'd bless his stars and be content ;
But never did his views appear
To look upon the coming year.
Nor e'er did he his mind distress
To know if he could live on less :
Nay at the thought how he would laugh,
When told that he could live on half,
And felt affront, if 'twere repeated
That by his servants he was cheated.
—Such a receipt to pamper ruin
Nay to hurry an undoing,
Has seldom given so queer a chance
To gratify extravagance.
—But so it was—QUÆ GENUS thought
Just as the rising fancy taught :
While, in mock fashion's borrow'd pride,
MOLLY was seated by his side.
Now as her needle made its way
Some 'broider'd figure to display,

Thinking, perhaps, how well her art
 Gave semblance to a two-fold heart ;
 He fondly call'd her willing ear
 With all attention due to hear.

QUÆ GENUS,

“ Plac'd as we are, it seems to be
 The height of that prosperity
 Which such as we can e'er enjoy ;
 And it becomes us to employ
 The means it offers to possess
 Our views of future happiness.
 I doubt not, MOLLY, but you feel,
 For your sweet lady, all the zeal,
 Which flows alike from due regard
 As the just hope of due reward :
 But still, I think, it must appear
 That we've a doubtful course to steer ;
 How we may keep within the line,
 Our great folks' interest to combine
 With what we know is yours and mine. }
 They are with generous grace endued,
 To us how kind they are and good.
 But life with them is nought but pleasure ;
 Luxurious show fills up the measure
 Of all their hours, as they run on
 Through each meander of the Ton.
 They sometimes talk of prudent schemes,
 And reason's language veils the dreams ;
 But the incessant love of change
 Invites the unreflecting range
 'Neath ev'ry dome where pride resorts
 And fashion holds her motley courts ;
 Though while they for their pleasures roam
 We too well know their cost at home.

This proud parade can never last,
Their ready wealth will soon be past.
—Nay, when I bring the month's account,
And silent point to the amount ;
He tells my Lady what I've done,
And she exclaims, ' 'tis precious fun !—
We need not for our ruin fear
With such a careful guardian near ! '
When I point out the triple charge
In many a bill display'd at large,
She says, ' QUÆ GENUS, do not grieve,
Tradesmen, my honest friend, must live !
Nay, when from service you retire,
And sit all plodding by your fire
In thought what profits should repay
The labours of the closing day ;—
When o'er some door we see your name,
A dealer of great retail fame,
You have our leave to do the same.' }

“ I made my bow and answer'd nought,
But then I paid it off in thought ;
And, as their gen'rous leave they give,
Like others to play tricks and live,
I may begin, perhaps, before
My name is painted on the door ;
And, in good time, my fortune try
With that same prosp'ring honesty.
—I tell you, MOLLY, 'tis as clear
As we, dear girl, are sitting here,
That our great folks were both created
So rich, please fortune, to be cheated.
And we must aid them, as you see,
Thus to fulfil their destiny.
For trifles we'll not make a fuss,
They will not be the worse for us :

If we do not our pockets fill,
Others there are who quickly will,
But not by any paltry gains,
As pilfering of *Sovereigns*.
You must not crib a handsome shawl
And say 'twas lost at such a ball ;
Nor will you in some corner place
A card or roll of costly lace,
That when you think she has forgot it,
You to your own use may allot it :—
Nor, when she gives a thrice-worn dress
Your vanity and wish to bless,
Do not within its wide folds smother,
As if by chance, just such another,
As she'd not miss it 'mid such plenty
A wardrobe of full five-and-twenty,
While others, 'mid the toilet's din
Are almost daily pouring in.
Can we such means as these pursue ?—
Would it be just in me and you :
Though I guess by your waggish smile,
What you are thinking of the while.
But still I feel it is not right
That you should lose your perquisite ;
Nor do I, my dear girl, incline
E'er to forego the claim to mine,
And tempting opportunity
May tell us what those claims should be,
As 'tis our right to seize the chance
That's furnish'd by extravagance,
When call'd upon to prove our taste
In saving what would run to waste ;
For rumpled fin'ry, all thrown by,
Is safer in our custody.
—When t'other day the Knight bespoke
A new great-coat and Hussar cloak ;

'Sure, Sir,' I said, 'you have forgot
Of these same coverings what a lot,
Neither be-spotted, scratch'd or torn
And some of them have scarce been worn,
Which are all hanging in the hall : '—
'They're old,' he said, 'so take them all.'
—I bow'd and took them to my keeping ;
Snug in my wardrobe they are sleeping.
It is the same, I know it well,
You of your Lady have to tell :
I doubt not but your hoard encreases
Of Spencers, mantles and pelisses :
But let it be our mutual boast
That sage precaution rules the roast ;
And take care that we never deal in
Any thing that looks like stealing.
My books are fair, accounts are right,
In them my honour's sound and tight :
Valet I am and Butler both,
A rare advantage to our cloth,
And there's no day, nay scarce an hour
But tempting profits court my power,
Yet may dread *Heaven* above forsake me,
And *Old Nick* in his fury take me,
If I the pilf'ring track pursue
Which hireling knaves so often do.
When from the shopmen we receive
The somethings they are us'd to give
As their long, bouncing bills are paid,
'Tis not our Knight is tax'd, but trade,
Though should we not our poundage claim
Sum Totals would be just the same.
—E'en when, as if a boon, I crave
Some superfluity to save,
Perhaps he'll tell me I'm a fool,
Or threat to floor me with a stool.

THE HISTORY OF

—Last week, he said, ‘at our next fête,
 (Mind what I say and hold your prate)
 Let the desert in splendour shine
 With gay plateaus and many a pine.’
 When as, to check the cost’s encrease,
 I hinted what they were a piece,
 He ranted, ‘if there are not *five*,
 Thou slave, I’ll cut you up alive.
 Dare you look piteous? for then
 You scurvy clown, I’ll order *ten*.’

“These gay delusions cannot last,
 The spendthrift scene will soon be past;
 And, in another year or two
 You’ll see that what I say is true.
 When Banker’s checks, that easy pay
 Like fancy’s ghosts have pass’d away,
 When the whole funded wealth is sold
 Another story will be told;
 When all the ready cash is flown,
 The country-rents will change their tone,
 Nor will the half-grown oaks supply
 The means for one year’s luxury.
 Crabbed Entail will rise beside
 And dare the acres to provide
 The power to feed their needy pride,
 And Mortgage-deeds in vain will strive
 To keep the piteous show alive.
 While thus the vain folk whom we serve,
 Do from each point of prudence swerve,
 While thus they waste in such a way,
 To Luxury the willing prey,
 I know, my girl, what I’ve to do,
 And faith, shall leave the rest to you!”

MOLLY.

"My dearest friend, you are so clever,
That I could hear you talk for ever.
Let not QUÆ GENUS be afraid,
He ne'er shall want my ready aid ;
For surely to his heart 'tis known,
His ev'ry interest is my own, }
At least I feel that we are one.
O yes, I comprehend him well !"
But now she heard her Lady's bell,
A summons that must be attended,—
So here the conversation ended.

Thus VALCOUR and his brilliant dame
Attain'd their folly's highest aim,
To scale the ladder of the Ton
As many wealthy fools have done,
And laugh, if they should hear the call,
"Your foot may slip and you may fall."
They did in every thing agree,
With the same eye each object see.
"Whate'er you fancy must appear
So very right my dearest dear !—
And whatsoe'er you do approve,
Cannot be wrong, my sweetest love !"
—Such was their billing and their cooing,
As they were hast'ning on to ruin ;
Nor did they see that *Fashion* laugh'd,
While she their costly nectar quaff'd ;
Or 'mid the crowds that might attend
Their banquets, they had not a friend.
But such too often is the case
Where Folly takes the highest place ;
And upstart fortune fain would be
The ape of rank and family.

There vulgar wealth pays dear for places
 With Lordships, Ladyships and Graces,
 Who at its table may appear
 Or once or twice or thrice a year,
 When luxury does the feast prepare ;
 And yet their host but coldly greet,
 If they should meet him in the street.

—But true or not, howe'er that be,
 In this career of vanity,
 Winter's fine pleasures pass'd away
 And Summer made the country gay,
 While fashion now set out to grace
 The Country seat and Wat'ring place,
 VALCOUR and MADAME now were seen
 Parading on the Brighton Stein,
 But where, though envied and admir'd,
 With the same scenes they soon were tir'd :
 Besides 'twas decent to retreat
 And give life to their ancient seat.
 Thus while th' astonish'd Natives stare
Woodlands receiv'd the tonish pair ;
 While they the rural 'Squires surprise
 With splendid hospitalities ;
 And even here the money flies.

The Knight when sporting in the East,
 Was wont to hunt the brindled beast,
 Or the long, pointed jav'lin plant
 From castled back of elephant,
 In the fierce tiger's spotted side,
 And gloried when the savage died :
 He therefore would not deign to share
 The conquest o'er a tim'rous hare ;
 Nor push on in a break-neck pace
 Through all his wiles the fox to chace.

But when the sportsmen left their game,
 And weary to his mansion came,
 Which they were always glad to do,
 Whene'er that mansion was in view,
 QUÆ GENUS heard the orders gay
 To be fulfill'd without delay,
 As the loud and welcome brawl
 Re-echoed through the lofty hall,—
 "Prepare, that my good friends may dine,
 The turkey and the smoking chine,
 The pasty and whate'er is best
 To furnish out an instant feast !
 Be sure 'tis your attentive task,
 To give them all that they may ask,
 The bowl, the tankard and the flask ; " }
 But then the Knight in whispers hinted,
 " When you perceive my time is stinted,
 And both my deafen'd ears no more
 Can bear the Bacchanalian roar ;
 When it appears the stupid asses
 Scarce know the bottles from the glasses,
 Nor can perceive, 'mid boosing laughter,
 That I am only sipping water ;
 When I shall unperceiv'd retire,
 Remember it is my desire, }
They do not set the house on fire."
 —Thus, when o'erwhelm'd with sporting guest,
 Sir CHARLES his constant wish express'd,
 And, after many a vain essay,
 Contriv'd at last to steal away,
 With something like an aching head,
 To seek the refuge of his bed.

In drunken freaks QUÆ GENUS knew
 Sense was oft gone and feeling too ;

That legs might tables overturn,
 And fallen lights would flare and burn ;
 Nay, flaming mischief might attend
 On lighted snuff and candle's end.
 Thus to be safe, without delay
 The threat'ning lights he bore away,
 And, to avoid a falling spark,
 Left parties snoring in the dark.
 Thus stretching as their limbs were able,
 On chair, on floor or on table,
 QUÆ GENUS did not own a fear
 That there was any danger near,
 So left them till the day should break
 And fev'rish nature bid them wake ;
 When, yawning round the sporting closet,
 Some groom brought in their morning posset ;
 And, hobbling off as they were able
 To mount their horses at the stable,
 They left the Knight their humble thanks,
 Hop'd Madam would excuse their pranks,
 And sought their homes, perhaps, to hear
 A wife talk loud in either ear.

Such were the jovial sportsmen's meetings
 And these their hospitable greetings ;
 But rural dames who were received
 With kindness while old *Woodlands* liv'd,
 As they found such an alter'd state
 Ne'er enter'd twice the mansion gate :
 The 'Squires' wives would ne'er resort
 To one so chang'd to pay their court ;
 And, though she was with title crown'd,
 The proud acquaintance they disown'd.

Brimful of town conceits and folly,
 My Lady now grew melancholy ;



Drawn by Rowlandson

QUE GENUS ATTENDS ON A SPORTING FINALE.



And when the sporting season came
Her daily looks were not the same :
That time of noisy, jovial joy,
Did ev'ry lively sense annoy,
Nor would she any reas'ning hear.—
“To Town we'll haste away, My Dear !
Let us be gone without delay :
To London let us haste away !
These rooms where staring figures sprawl
In ancient hangings on the wall,
Nay, where at noon, the shaded light
Gives dimness of approaching night,
Which nought can chearful make and gay,
Or give the semblance bright of day,
But that well-dress'd, high-minded glee
That here, alas, we never see,
Which could alone from this dull room,
Snatch the grim likeness of a tomb !
Let us be gone without delay,
To London let us haste away ! ”
—She gave a piteous look and sigh'd,
When, with soft grace, Sir CHARLES replied.
“As such is your desire, My Love,
To Town we quickly will remove ;
If it will soothe my charmer's sorrow,
We will set out for Town to-morrow.
But have you thought, my dearest Dear,
That not a creature will be there ?
Will you not find we shall be hurl'd
Into a lifeless, empty world ;
Where, till the winter near approaches
You will see nought but Hackney coaches ?
I'm sure you'll think yourself quite undone,
If you're a month alone in London.
To your gay spirit Oh how dull
On a soft window-seat to loll,

And count with your half-sleeping eye
How many *Nobodies* go by!
While mothers with their babies tell,
What sick'ning stuff they have to sell,
When from their ceaseless screaming noises,
You ask for what Heaven gave them voices :
Till like the fiddler in a rage,
Which you have seen in Hogarth's page,
You stop your ears, with anger burn,
And cry 'to *Woodlands*, let's return.'
I'd rather sit and yawn, I own,
Here in the country than in town,
Where to dull club-rooms I must go,
E'en in the streets no creature know,
And ride alone in Rotten-Row. }
But be it as you wish."—"Then I,"
The Dame delay'd not to reply,
"Desire such orders you will give
That we, with prompt dispatch, may leave
This stupid spot and hurry strait
With post horse gallop through the gate,
And when we've got a dozen mile,
I then will thank you, Love, and smile.
Yes, I will bid adieu to care, }
Though not a soul in Portman-Square,
When once I see that I am there.
Believe me I would rather hear
As sounds more pleasing to my ear,
Fishwomen's cries along the street,
Than noisy sportsmen when they meet,
Whose noisy, vulgar, drunken brawl
So often echoed in our Hall.
The Town, perhaps, is not so full,
But London never can be dull :
Thin as it may be, or e'en thinner,
We shall find folk to eat our dinner,

And though no crowd will throng at present,
Our little parties will be pleasant.
The Drama too presents its play
To make the evening pass away ;
Blue hills delight and lawns so green
When they are painted on the scene ;
O how I like the woods and rocks
When I can view them from a box !—
I'm charm'd with such a rural sight
When it is seen by candle-light.
We shall to pass our time contrive,
And keep our pretty selves alive,
Till the world rolls to Town amain :—
Then we shall be ourselves again.”
—They were themselves, and suffer'd pride
Still to remain their fatal guide,
And to bring on that period near,
When Folly claim'd its full arrear.

It is not needful for our rhyme
To tell how long or short the time
Which the vain Spendthrift Genius thought
Was fit to bring their schemes to nought.
All we shall say is, with the song,
“The days of pleasure ne'er are long.”
And, if to proverbs we resort,
“The days of sorrow ne'er are short.”

And here it is but truth to tell,
That our QUÆ GENUS acted well.
For never, as his duty call'd,
When home affairs were so enthrall'd,
That ere the Winter months would end
There would be no more coin to spend,
Nor credit found to give the swing
To gay manœuvres through the Spring,

He did not from his master's ears
 Conceal the state of his affairs ;
 And though, too oft receiv'd with scorn,
 Gave hints, but still they fail'd to warn.
 —At length, howe'er, the period came
 From fashion's list to blot their name ;
 When it was vain for pride to look
 In the card-rack or porter's book,
 While the old guard might sit and snore,
 But rarely summon'd to the door ;
 That door, of late, so seldom quiet
 From lounging call or pleasure's riot,
 Unless it, with less noisy stir,
 Announc'd some threat'ning visiter.
 —Encreasing wants began to press,
 And all things threaten'd that distress
 Which vanity knows not to bear,
 That pride contemplates with despair,
 Yet spurns regenerating care ;
 And a pale demon seems to see
 In form of sage œconomy.

The scene thus drawing to a close,
 Friends, aye, and faithful ones arose,
 With their best aid to interpose,
 And VALCOUR found, when least expected,
 That falling he was not neglected.
 For he was lov'd by all who knew
 The virtues whence his follies grew ;
 And some of these so active were
 As to preserve him from the snare
 Of Us'rer's gripe and Lawyer's strife,
 That seem'd to threat his future life.
 They did with counsel sage persuade
 And brought the ready, golden aid,

Which check'd the powers that did enslave him,
Before it was too late to save him.

The well-weigh'd scheme which prudence chose
Was rather an unsav'ry dose :
Madam, at first, declar'd it treason ;
But humbled pride was taught to reason.
Enough was spar'd to share the dance
And gay festivities of France ;
With promise, when five years were o'er,
They should regain the British shore ;
And, on repassing *Woodlands* gate,
Would find a noble, freed estate ;
And, from their follies past remov'd,
Reside respected and belov'd.

Now, all this serious bustle over,
They sought, and soon set sail from, Dover,
And, in the common period, found
Their footsteps meas'ring Gallic ground.
QUÆ GENUS saw them to the sea,
Then gave a look of sympathy,
And, with respectful rev'rence said,
" When you again Old England tread,
To re-enjoy my happy station
I will quit any situation,
And I dare boast you will receive me,
As true and faithful as you leave me ! "
—To France he was not quite inclin'd,
And MOLLY chose to stay behind ;
So both brush'd up their sep'rate graces,
To go in search of *other places*.—
For, 'twas not yet our Hero's plan
To set up for a GENTLEMAN.

CANTO VII

IN the world's ever varying range
There scarce can be a greater change
Than from the hourly means of carving
Without reserve, to hints of starving ;
From the men-cooks' superior waste
To fireless kitchen's cold repast ;
From ham and fowl and beef and veal,
To a lean shoulder's third day meal,
From well-skimm'd broths, to greasy pot,—
But this was now our Hero's lot :
And here, perhaps, it may be fair
To ask what chance could bring him there ;
For expectation sure might think
That he would rather soar than sink,
At least, he would his rank maintain
Among High-Life's domestic train,
And still display the priggish air,
In some fine street or splendid square,
Instead of opening the door
In *Humbug-Buildings*, Number Four ;
Well known, as we shall shortly see,
For weighty scenes of Usury.
—How he this curious post obtain'd,
Without reserve will be explain'd.

My Lady VALCOUR, as 'tis known
To hap sometimes to Dames of Ton,
When sudden wants were set on edge
Might look a precious stone to pledge,

To raise a hasty sum or so
She did not wish Sir CHARLES to know ;
For little systems of disguise
Are seldom seen to cause surprise
In the best order'd families. }
MOLLY she fail'd not to employ
In care of any glittering toy,
Which might so very useful be
In moments of necessity :
But this strange, awkward kind of trade
Was far from pleasant to the maid,
As she, to 'scape from prying eyes
Was told to change her air and size,
And, to perform her work complete,
To be a perfect counterfeit :
In short, as was not uncommon,
To make herself another woman.
She therefore, thought it best to ask
QUÆ GENUS to perform the task ;
And old JOHN SQUEEZE was recommended,
Who kindly to such wants attended :
Though some who lov'd a joke to crack,
Would laugh, and call him *Squeezing Jack*.

In a snug corner of the town,
To nameless spendthrifts too well known,
The miser liv'd, if life it be
Whose meat and drink was usury ;
For the old Hunx was ne'er content,
Unless he gain'd his *Cent. per Cent.* ;
And as all traffic with this Elf
Was secret interchange of pelf,
He fear'd not the rapacious paw
Of daily violated law.—
Diamonds that did 'mong ringlets blaze,
And caught the night's admiring gaze ;

The necklace that from snowy neck
 Did in its cluster'd fashions break
 On swelling bosom, plac'd to share
 The beauty nature planted there ;
 The rows of pearl that gave a charm
 To the round grace of taper arm :
 The bright drops which each sister ear
 Does with an equal splendour bear ;
 And dazzling circles that are seen
 Of rubies red, of em'ralds green,
 And sapphires blue, whose blended rays
 The rainbow to the hand conveys,
 All these, at times, are forc'd to rest
 Within the miser's gloomy chest :
 In iron darkness there to wait
 A longer or a shorter date,
 Till gold's redeeming power shall say,
 Come and re-brighten on the day.

On errands of this grave intent,
 QUÆ GENUS now and then was sent,
 And how he did his plans arrange,
 Or in what shape place the exchange ;
 How he contriv'd these sly affairs,
 Paid soon, or lengthen'd the arrears,
 Of this we know not more nor less,
 For we ne'er heard his tongue confess,
 And 'twould be wasting time to guess. }
 But, somehow, he contriv'd to please,
 By grace or guile, old Master SQUEEZE,
 And by some strange, peculiar art,
 He gain'd upon the Us'rer's heart,
 If an heart such a being owns,
 Who chuckles when misfortune moans,
 At least, when that is understood
 To be a vessel fraught with good.

But to proceed, the mind's keen eye
 Of *Squeezing Jack*, thought he could spy
 In our QUÆ GENUS that quick sense,
 Which might reward his confidence ;
 That wary, penetrating thought,
 Which could not be too dearly bought,
 And in his present, sickly trim,
 Would be of golden use to him :
 For he grew old and wanted aid,
 In his nice calculating trade.
 In short, in every point of view,
 As one who certain fancies knew, }
 The old man felt that he would do,
 And that he could his interest make
 A station at the desk to take.

Not the first time on business bent, }
 Though 'twas the last by MOLLY sent,
 Our Hero to the office went,
 With his redeeming coin to pay
 And fav'rite gems to bear away,
 He was desir'd to give an ear
 To the proposal he should hear,
 When *Squeezing John* in cautious strain
 Did thus his secret wish explain.
 "—From what I know and all I see,
 You soon will be at liberty,
 The gentry to whom you belong
 Will not require your service long ;
 And 'twould be well were you to take
 The offer which I now shall make :
 That is, as you already see,
 To come, my friend, and live with me.
 I hope no thought your mind engages,
 About such petty things as wages,

I would not wish you to receive
 What common spendthrift masters give ;
 I exercise a better way
 All such as serve me well to pay :
 Your bed and board will lib'ral be,
 For you will live as well as me, }
 Such is my home oeconomy.
 As for the service you will find
 Its profits fully to your mind ;
 If you my interests understand,
 Your own will follow hand in hand ;
 Nay, I my promise shall maintain,
 That you a pretty fortune gain.
 All I ask is, that you will be
 The pattern of fidelity,
 Which my observing eye has seen
 To others you have lately been ;
 I have, my friend, but one word more,
 And then my speechifying's o'er :
 'Twill answer ev'ry purpose better
 And I shall hold myself your debtor,
 For reasons you shall plainly see,
 If you will wear your livery,
 For that can never be disgrace
 Which soon will gain superior place."

QUÆ GENUS thought he could but try,
 If but from curiosity,
 Though some have said that then he view'd
 The future freaks that he pursued.
 Thus at the desk he soon was seated
 To learn how folly could be cheated,
 And to consent to play the rogue
 With any spendthrift vice in vogue,
 That did in pleasure's round perplex
 In any form, in either sex.

The gains were great, nay almost certain,
While pride so slyly drew the curtain,
Indeed, it was so nicely clos'd,
That the rich schemes were ne'er expos'd.
—At first, a kind of gen'rous feeling,
A sense of honourable dealing,
Dispos'd him, with some doubts, to look
Into the Broker's daily book,
While he oft dipp'd his pen and thought,
Ere he the huge per-centage wrote :
Nay, he could pity the distress
Which did upon their bosoms press,
When, thus to pay for ill-bought pleasure,
They yielded up their gayest treasure.
—But then he mutter'd, "Where's the
shame ?

Others, like us, would do the same :
If we were now to shut up shop,
Others into the place would pop ;
Extravagance would have its run
And fools speed on to be undone.
And their sad wants would be supplied,
If *John* had laid his schemes aside,
Or had turn'd Methodist and died." }

Thus interest to our Hero clung
To stifle sense of right and wrong ;
And so at once he bade adieu
To Conscience for a year or two :
But, when attain'd the wish'd for store,
It should resume its former power.
Thus, at the opening of his trade,
He a most curious bargain made
With the Divinity within,
To help him on through thick and thin.

But now, a Fair One will appear,
About her four-and-twentieth year ;
Though, whatsoe'er may be her age,
She must be brought upon the stage,
Blooming and gay and form'd to please,
By the old man was call'd his niece,
And, though there were some doubts we know,
It turn'd out she was truly so.
All saw that he was fond of Miss,
Would often give and take a kiss,
And even with his money part,
To purchase smiles and make her smart.
Abroad she was not us'd to roam
But Novels read and stay'd at home.
The pantry's boon, so lean and spare,
Was forc'd on her unwilling care ;
For when Old Avarice complain'd
Of the great cost his life sustain'd,
He ne'er forgot, 'mong human ills,
The baker's and the butcher's bills :
But 'twas her interest to be
The slave of his œconomy.
—An errand-man and one poor maid,
Were all who gave the household aid :
They were to am'rous purpose bent
So fed on love and were content ;
And as QUÆ GENUS touch'd the *Money*,
Which was his fount of *Milk* and *Honey* ;
His easy stomach never car'd
How lean the joint on which he far'd.
—It was his interest to agree,
In all things with Miss EMILY,
As she could humour Uncle SQUEEZE,
And now and then possess the keys :
Nor could she shape her main design
Unless QUÆ GENUS would combine



Drawn by Rowlandson

QUE GENUS IN THE SERVICE OF A MISER

UNIV
OF
3



The hobbling *Old One* to deceive,
And let in *Friends* without his leave.
She gave him physic, tuck'd his bed,
The pillow smooth'd to rest his head;
Then all around the curtains drew,
And having spoke the night's adieu,
Would gaily hasten down below
To smile upon the favour'd beau
Whom her commanding Billet-doux
Had summon'd to an interview.
From Uncle JOHN's great hoard of wealth,
And the old man's declining health,
'Twas thought she soon would be a prize
Which smart young men might idolize;
That a great fortune Miss would be
From heirdom or by legacy:
While lovers, therefore, not a few,
Had pass'd before her in review,
Her kind warm heart might not disown
That she had fix'd her thoughts on one;
And he it was who had the power
To share with her an evening hour.
But to the point, which even love
Could not from her keen thoughts remove:
The Lady did not long delay
Thus the prime secret to convey,
"I have a precious plan, QUÆ GENUS,
And if 'tis manag'd well between us,
We may, as I know how, contrive,
To make our mutual int'rests thrive.
I have already something done,
As you will hear, for *Number ONE*,
And there's another scheme will do,
As you will know, for *Number TWO*.
My uncle's wealth is that of *Cæsus*,
But how he'll leave it, Heaven bless us,

I know not, nay, the trembling elf,
May not as yet be sure himself ;
Though he, perhaps, may leave the whole
To Charity, to save his soul.—
Some folk have thought to make a will,
Is signal given for Death to kill,
But should he an intestate, die,
The long expecting family,
Will feed the greedy, gaping maw,
Of griping, grinding, hungry Law.
For though I am the next of kin,
Such various claimants will rush in,
Such troops of distant, country cousins,
Will haste by scores, at least by dozens ;
So many Lawyers may appear,
To promise each an ample share,
That in what way these things may end,
If fortune be my foe or friend,
I wish, by all means, to ensure
Some independent sinecure,
And as you must the labour bear,
You will a just advantage share.
But not an atom of his wealth
Must we attempt to take by stealth,
No, though we could this night convey,
As a sure, undiscover'd prey,
His iron chest with all the gold
And brilliant treasure it may hold.
I only ask my views to aid
But a small portion of his trade,
And while above his riches flow,
We may make mod'rate gains below,
And what of that by us is done,
Must be from funds which are our own.”
—The parties were at once agreed,
And the scheme fail'd not to succeed :

Nay, had stern fate the stroke delay'd,
A decent fortune they had made ;
But as it was, their transient gain
Gave them no reason to complain.
—Now, ere twelve months or more were past,
JOHN SQUEEZE, alas ! had breath'd his last ;
And though they search'd the mansion round,
A Will was no where to be found ;
And relatives in numbers came,
Their rights to prove, their shares to claim ;
While the shrewd Miss AMELIA SQUEEZE
Lock'd ev'ry box and kept the keys.
—With angry threats the house resounded,
It was confusion worse confounded ;
While she secure in prudent savings,
Calmly beheld their idle ravings,
As different ways they did pursue,
Which diff'rent Lawyers bade them do.
—And here we cannot overlook
The wary way the lady took.
Her favourite swain, it must be known,
A Pleader was of some renown ;
To whom this offer she propos'd,
With which the learned Lawyer clos'd.
“ If of the wealth of Old JOHN SQUEEZE,
Of whom you know I am the Niece,
You prove me to be lawful Heir,
My charms and fortune you shall share.”
—Thus she was left amid the paws
Of Lawyers and the tardy Laws,
With chance that when ten years were past,
A husband she might get at last.
—Not as such union often ends,
She and QUÆ GENUS parted friends :
But ere Old SQUEEZE'EM was dispos'd,
Ere the cold marble o'er him clos'd,

Our Hero had a gracious tender
From *JACOB LEVI, Money-Lender*.
He, having had some kind of feeling
With *JOHN* in his usurious dealing,
Observ'd *QUÆ GENUS*, who had been
Just such an useful go-between,
As would find favour in the sight
Of the keen, cautious Israelite,
Who, therefore, with inviting grace,
Offered him his vacant place.
The proverb says it is a curse
To go at once from bad to worse,
And though, at first, he did not feel it,
Time was determin'd to reveal it.
—Of late, or more or less, 'tis true,
Distress was in his frequent view,
But then in its prevailing feature,
It was but of a transient nature.
A proud man for a whole week's date
Might cease, perhaps, to eat off plate,
Still, Dresden service could supply
A varying scene of luxury :
Or vanity might not resort
To aid the splendour of a Court,
From absent state of decoration,
Required by certain rank and station :
But, for a time, well-fram'd excuses
Custom or fashion ne'er refuses ;
When soon again the plate is seen,
The silver-smith has made it clean,
And in a week, or month, or so,
It will resume its usual show.
Again the glitt'ring gems display
At the gay Fête the dazzling ray,
On having done the appointed duty
To ease the wants of pride and beauty.



Drawn by Howlandson

QUE GENUS & THE MONEY-LENDERS.

But now another scene succeeds,
 The pledge is turn'd from glitt'ring beads
 To mortgages and title-deeds ;
 The short-liv'd search of ready-rhino
 By imps of Loo or of Cassino ;
 Or to stop short a lawyer's threats,
 And dunning for a tradesman's debts ;
 These yield to frightful views of ruin,
 Which threaten absolute undoing ;
 That grasp at family estates
 Of honour'd name and ancient dates,
 And hasten on the heirs in fee
 To gallop fast to beggary.

QUÆ GENUS, was brimful of zeal
 To seize each turn of Fortune's wheel,
 And eager to fulfil his plan
 Of rising to a gentleman :
 But though gold roll'd beneath his eye,
 Though fees were paid and bribes were high,
 His heart, which had not lost its feeling,
 Shrunk from the base, remorseless dealing,
 That gloating avarice employ'd
 O'er the rich ruins it enjoy'd.
 While, therefore, some kind, gen'rous sense
 His heart felt of benevolence,
 And ere of honour quite bereft,
 He the rapacious LEVI left,
 In hope he might obtain a place
 He should not think as a disgrace ;
 Nor of success had he to fear
 From VALCOUR's written character ;
 Where all his virtues were pourtray'd,
 In such a view that he was made
 In every domestic sense
 A paragon of excellence.

But sad to tell, it was not long
Before temptations, more than strong,
Were urg'd by a kind, zealous friend,
Who us'd on bus'ness to attend
Old Levi's Levees: He display'd
In artful whisper, the sure trade,
Which, manag'd as he could define,
Would shortly prove a golden mine.
"Think not," he said, "that I am canting;
Money, my friend, is all that's wanting.
A certain sum could I command,
I soon would purchase house and land.
Ere a short time had onward run,
I would strut forth a BUCK OF TON;
The world, with its dull pride, defy,
And jostle fools of quality."

QUÆ GENUS felt his brooding plan
To be a finish'd GENTLEMAN,
At that same word his spirit started,
And instantly he grew great hearted.
"Your scheme," he said, "at once explain:
If gainful, you shall share the gain."
"But hear me out," it was replied,
"And then you will be satisfied.
Know, you must an assistant be
At a club's gaming revelry.
O check, I pray, your staring eyes,
From looking on me with surprise;
Let not the scheme I offer freeze you,
Hear, and then do as it may please you!
Think not I would your hand entice
To deal the card or shake the dice;
You must employ a knowing friend,
And such a one I can commend;



Drawn by Howland

QUÆ GENUS OFFICIATING AT A GAMING HOUSE.



He's wary, and suspicion guards,
By shrewdly managing his cards ;
Whate'er he does is done with ease,
And heaps his gains by slow degrees,
Till he has such a sum attain'd
By which his object may be gain'd,
Then one successful effort make,
And seize a fortune in the stake.
He watches those who love to drink,
And sticks to such as cannot think :
He turns his skilful inclination
To young men who are prone to passion ;
He has cool words for those who're heated,
Whose pride will not believe they're cheated ;
In short, he can a card entice,
And fix good-fortune on the dice.
With him you may your money trust ;
He will be generous as he's just :
Proceed at once on manly ground
And trust him with five hundred pound ;
With that, my friend, let him alone,
He'll use it as it were his own."

QUÆ GENUS enter'd on his place
And acted with becoming grace ;
But with his keen, suspicious eye
He saw what look'd like treachery,
Which wak'd the fancy to be thrifty,
So, of his pounds he gave but fifty.
—On his official duties bound,
He pac'd the hubbub-table round,
And with attentive leering kenn'd
His trusty, confidential friend,
Whose frequent nods and silent grinning
Full plainly told, he had been winning ;

But, when QUÆ GENUS ask'd th' amount,
His friend thus settled the account.
"It does my very heart-strings grieve
That you have nothing to receive :
Two hours ago my luck was crost,
And then your fifty pounds were lost ;
For when with your advance I play'd
Fortune became an arrant jade :
Though since 'tis true that I have won,
But then the risk was all my own ;
And, if you had but ventur'd more,
Your purse might now be running o'er.
With a round sum to-morrow night,
Fortune may set all matters right :
As 'tis in war, so 'tis with gold,
She fails not to protect the bold."

Our Hero was not such a *Flat*
As to sit down content with that :
He first determin'd to resist
Or with a cudgel or a fist :
But on reflection, felt an awe
Of the grim, prosecuting law :
Besides, had he enrag'd the room,
It might have prov'd his final doom :
Still he for vengeance inly cried
And he was shortly satisfied.
—The *Bow-street* folk he happ'd to know
Were walking that way to and fro,
And when more closely on the watch,
He mov'd the door's unwilling latch,
The myrmidons rush'd rudely in,
And all above was noise and din.
Candles and lamps were all put out,
When it became a mingled rout,

While for the money on the table
Each grasp'd as much as he was able ;
And our QUÆ GENUS had engross'd
More than by *Humbug* he had lost ;
Then nimbly made a safe retreat
To lodgings in no distant street.

Here, for some time he pac'd the room,
To dissipate th' oppressive gloom
That did upon his spirits light
From the proceedings of the night.
"Indeed," he said, "what then was done
I do not wish to look upon,
Nay I would from my mem'ry cast
My curious ways for some time past,
But certain, busy reasons tell
Such effort is impossible.
All therefore, that I now can do
Is the forthcoming time to woo
With those endearments which may prove
QUÆ GENUS worthy of its love :
With that just sense of what is right,
That makes the moral lamp burn bright."

Such pensive musings on him wrought
Till he his welcome pillow sought,
When, as absorb'd in sleep he lay,
Fancy did on his spirits play,
And in a strange and fearful dream
A form did on his vision beam,
With ghastly look as it were come
From the pale confines of the tomb.
He seem'd with one uplifted hand
Instant attention to command,
The other, as he solemn stood,
Folded around the flowing shroud ;

And thus QUÆ GENUS seem'd to hear
The hollow voice that pierc'd his ear.
"I am thy foster-parent's shade,
Who, in the earth, has long been laid,
And let his counsels be obey'd. }
'Tis SYNTAX who before thee stands,
And wait with awe his grave commands.
Fool as thou art, in thy misdoing
Art thou not hast'ning to thy ruin?
Am I call'd hither to accuse
Thy erring ways, and idle views?
Do I the wretched agent see
Of gambling fraud and usury?
And is it thus you form the plan
To vault into a Gentleman?
SYNTAX thy memory must own
As the sole parent thou hast known,
Whose mercy did the Foundling save
From menace of an infant's grave.
Better, perhaps, his fond regard
Had not thy sad condition spar'd,
If what of future life may last,
Wakes no contrition for the past.
Hear me, and tremble as I speak,
Though you may human laws escape;
The life you lead is not forgiven
By the offended laws of Heaven.
If such your doings, I can ne'er
Petition for your pardon there.
The present means which you possess,
If rightly us'd, will give success;
Nay, if you cease to roam abroad,
And turn from folly's wand'ring road;
If you keep all things right at home,
Much unexpected good may come.

QUÆ GENUS, to my words attend,
The errors of your life amend ;
Resist the world's seducing power,
Or fear me at the midnight hour."
—Thus as he thought the vision spake,
The curtains round him seem'd to shake ;
And frowning, as in angry mood,
At the bed's foot the figure stood,
When, in a misty gleam of light,
It seem'd to vanish from his sight.

He woke in such an agitation,
His night-cap stream'd with perspiration ;
He started with a fearful stare,
Not knowing if to pray or swear.
He did from further sleep refrain
As he perhaps should dream again,
And Sommerden's departed Rector
Might read another curtain-lecture.
But when as through the shutter's crack
He saw the beams of Phœbus break,
Up he arose, the bell he rung,
And, "Breakfast," issued from his tongue :
The loud command was soon obey'd,
And morning meal in order laid.
On sofa stretch'd, he munch'd the toast,
And sipp'd the Bohea, doubly dos'd
With cordial drops, we won't say gin,
Which he pour'd plentifully in,
And did his trem'rous nerves redeem
By power of the reviving stream,
From the dire horrors of the dream. }
—His spirits thus with strength recruited,
He turn'd his mind to what was suited
To the condition chance had bound him,
And perils which might still surround him :

Of his late playmates what became
When power broke up the midnight game ;
And if pursued by any danger,
To which as yet he was a stranger.
But soon he found, enquiry made,
The Bow-street spirits all were laid ;
Nor was it to the party known,
By whom the mischief had been done.—
Thus, from all legal threat secure,
He felt determin'd to abjure
The course of life he had pursued,
Nor suffer knav'ry to delude
His conduct into any plan
That might disgrace a Gentleman ;
The character which his fond thought
Had to a flatt'ring crisis brought,
When he might try, and not in vain,
The wish'd for honour to maintain.
Besides, in favour of his scheme,
He felt the warnings of the dream,
As he their meaning understood
Foreboded much of future good.

At length his boasting fancies tired
Of all to which his pride aspired ;
And, having nothing else to do,
He sauntered forth to take a view
Of what a saunter might present
For serious thought or merriment ;
When, as he careless stroll'd along,
Half-humming some new-fangled song,
He heard a voice that did proclaim
His own but too familiar name.
'Twas Mr. CARMINE, who was known
An artist of the first renown

For portraiture of living faces,
Whose pencil gave and heighten'd graces,
Who, 'mid the hurry of the street,
Did sauntering QUÆ GENUS greet :
When, having sought a place of quiet,
Free from the passing, bustling riot,
In civil tones the man of art
Began his Queries to impart.
"Your family, I hope, are well,
And will you Lady VALCOUR tell,
If it so please her you may come
And fetch her fine resemblance home :
Nay she may have forgot, I fear,
That the last sitting's in arrear :
Give but the hint as I demand
And you shall feel my grateful hand."
—QUÆ GENUS hasten'd to reply
With the gay VALCOURS' history,
And fear'd that, for a year or two,
The picture must *in statu quo*
Within his gallery remain,
At least, till they came home again.
"Well then," said CARMINE, "tell me friend,
What fortunes on your steps attend."
"Sir," he replied, "'tis Fortune's pleasure
I should enjoy a state of leisure.
Sir CHARLES, so generous and kind,
Wish'd not that I should stay behind,
Nay, would have paid me high to go,
As I've a paper that will shew :
But certain schemes play'd on my brain
Which fix'd my purpose to remain,
And yet, with all my honest care,
I have not brought one scheme to bear."
"My friend," the artist said, "if you
Have not a better scheme in view,

My place, unless I greatly err,
Would suit your turn and character
'Tis but to know and to make known
The beauties by my pencil shewn,
And lard, as you the occasion see,
With strokes of modest flattery.
Take care you manage well your tongue
To please the old as well as young,
And study the expressive grace
That's seen to beam on any face ;
When, in fair words and cautious mood
You may mark the similitude
Between the charms that smiling live,
And such as art like mine can give.
Nor to the sex your hints confine,
The ermin'd sage and grave divine,
The chubby face of childhood too
Attention must be made to woo,
While I shall to your mind impart
The nomenclature of my art ;—
And if, as I presume you will,
Display the show with ready skill,
From Misses, Beaux, Old Dames and Sages,
You'll gain, Good Fellow, three-fold wages.
—Now turn the offer in your mind,
And, if your prudence is inclin'd
To take it, you will let me know
To-morrow how your wishes flow.”

What though it was his warm desire
From days of service to retire ;
Though he now hop'd the time drew nigh
To change his humble destiny,
He ask'd permission of his pride
That one more service might be tried,



Drawn by Rowlandson

QUE GENUS WITH A PORTRAIT PAINTER.





As in the class he hop'd to move
It might a source of knowledge prove.
—Where could he such examples see
As in an artist's gallery?
For while he look'd at forms and faces
He might learn all the tonish graces,
Whatever manners could bestow,
What attitudes were best to show;
In short, all that he sought to know. }
For the fine folk who visit there
Come deck'd with all becoming care,
That the chaste pencil may not err
From truth of form and character,
Which not alone, while yet they live,
The canvas may be proud to give,
But offer to the admiring eye
Of an unborn posterity!

“O,” he exclaim'd, “this is the plan,
I all its various merits scan,
'Tis HALF-WAY to a *Gentleman*!” }
—Nay, to be brief, the following day
Beheld him all in due array,
And soon alert, submissive, smart,
Well vers'd in all the slang of art;
He to perfection play'd his part. }
In mildest tone would just express
The charms a canvas may possess,
Where Loves and Graces seem to smile
And do th' enchanted eye beguile.
Though still he ne'er forgot his duty
To one who might have been a beauty,
There he did not throw out his hints
Of charming smiles and rosy tints,
But to her portrait would refer
For force and grace of character.

Still his own thoughts ne'er went astray,
He rather told what others say,
What my Lord B. prais'd yesterday.
Thus he contriv'd, it seems, to please
CARMINE's fine folk, of all degrees,
And what he gain'd, he now might say,
He got it in an honest way.

From all he did the Artist thought
He had a real treasure got ;
Nor had QUÆ GENUS any cause
To grumble at domestic laws ;
For all who serv'd them were content
With the well-rang'd establishment.
Above, was all that taste could show,
And ease and comfort reign'd below ;
For CARMINE sought not cost to spare,
And splendid plenty revell'd there.
—O Discretion, what thy powers,
To watch o'er life's fantastic hours,
To check warm nature's glowing heat
When passions in the bosom beat,
And whim and fancy's busy train
Play their vagaries through the brain !
But that comptroller of the will,
That sober judge 'tween good and ill,
Or from his folly or his pride
QUÆ GENUS seem'd to throw aside.
This was the spot where he might stay,
Where duty was improving play,
Till hope should paint the wish'd-for way.
But whimsies did his wits employ
The play-game of an idle boy,
For which if, at his earliest school,
Thus he had dared to play the fool,

He would have felt the smarting fate
 That does on thoughtless culprit wait.
 —The easy, morning duties done,
 The after-day was all his own,
 When, as it surely may be thought
 He might have some improvement sought :
 But no, his genius seem'd to chuse
 His luckless leisure to amuse,
 In changing, when brimfull of glee,
 The system of the Gallery ;
 Would make the pictures change their places,
 And with his chalk deform their faces,
 (For, from a boy, whate'er he saw,
 With a rude outline, he could draw,)
 Turn down the portraits in their frames,
 And look and laugh and call them names.
 Though if no other harm were done,
 Unknown he might have had his fun :
 But hence the mischief did ensue,
 The names he call'd were written too :
 In short, he turn'd the painter's school
 Completely into ridicule,
 And, by a TITLE or a SCROLL,
 He strove to stigmatize the whole.
 —He would a *Lawn-rob'd Prelate* place
 As if he ogled *Celia's* face,
 Exclaiming "There's no greater bliss,
 No, not in Heaven, than *Celia's Kiss* ;"
 While *Celia* might be made to say
 "Hands off, my pious Lord, I pray !
 Remember what you ought to feel—
 The good book says you must not steal ;
 And steal you will, if you receive it,
 For hang me, *FUSTY*, if I give it."
 —He then, perhaps, would run his rig,
 With *Cap and Bells* on Judge's Wig ;

When thus his fancy might indite,
 And in a well turn'd label write,—
*"Now should MY LORD be in a fury,
 And shake that WIG, he'd fright the JURY."*
 —The portrait of an AGED DAME
 Might have this added to her name,—
*"Your Crutch-stick tells you scarce can walk,
 But still you bore all ears with talk ;
 A most incorrigible Hag,
 Who nothing but your TONGUE can wag."*
 —A MARRIED PAIR together plac'd,
 And with their household emblems grac'd,
 Though looking in each other's faces,
 He would remove to sep'rate places,
 And then contrive to make them say,
*"How shall we, Sir, this act repay ?
 Our Home Cabals we now shall smother,
 At this nice distance from each other ;
 Thus far remov'd we shall agree,—
 'Tis just as we both wish to be."*
 —A LORD MAYOR's brow he would adorn
 With honours of a double Horn ;
 Then from a long scroll make him cry,
"Make room for Cuckolds, here comes I."
 —A LAWYER, clad in wig and band,
 With briefs and papers in his hand,
 QUÆ GENUS would contrive to trace
 A JANUS with a *Double Face*,
 And each face with a ready tongue
 To plead the cause or right or wrong,
 Exclaiming in both scrolls—*"'Tis We,
 And waiting for a Double Fee."*
 Such was his wit, which sometimes told
 Its thoughts in flashes far too bold :
 Which the Muse knows would not be meet
 For her Chaste Spirit to repeat.

—Thus when the Monkey's hand had done
With this display of idle fun,
And in his vacant hour of sense
Had triumph'd in Impertinence ;
He would repair his saucy tricks,
The pictures in their places fix,
Wipe out the mischief of the chalk
And bid the portraits cease to talk ;
Then with a military air,
Aloud command them—"As YOU WERE."—

—Now it, at least, was once a week,
He did this gay amusement seek,
When CARMINE's absence gave the power
Thus to pass off his leisure hour,
As different faces might present
Fresh subjects for his merriment.
But those foul imps who oft molest,
With awkward thoughts, the human breast,
(As the expression's not so civil,
We will not hint it is the devil,)
Will, as their trade is to deceive,
Fast in the lurch their vot'ries leave ;
And soon QUÆ GENUS was betray'd
Into the trap his folly laid.

One vernal eve, he had o'erflow'd
With chalk and chatter ill-bestow'd,
When call'd off for we know not what,
The unfinish'd mischief was forgot ;
And in the morning, ere the clout
Had duly wip'd his folly out,
A party, who from town were going,
Came, just to pay what might be owing :
At the same time to represent
Where all their portraits might be sent.

—One *Elder Lady* rubb'd her eyes,
With equal anger and surprize,
While she could scarce believe she read,
The *Witch of Endor* o'er her head.
—Another, not of younger age,
Could not restrain her glowing rage,
When *Mother RED CAP* was the name
Which chalk had given to the Dame;
And then she scream'd aloud,—“*Forsooth,*
A Pipe is put into my mouth,
Whose nauseous fumes around me fly
To stamp me with vulgarity!”
—With them there was a sweet young lady,
In beauty's bloom and vernal gay day;
Her portrait in all stature stood,
With all the grace of attitude,
And charms to turn, though not of stone,
A *Carmine* to *Pygmalion*.
But she, in all her beauty's pride,
A *Wheel-barrow* was made to guide,
While ruby lips were seen to cry,
“*Sheep's hearts for those who want to buy!*”
The marble urn which stood behind her,
Was turn'd into a rude *Knife-Grinder*,
And at no very far approach
Was seen a passing *Hackney Coach*,
While all the lawns and groves so sweet
Were scrawl'd into a *London Street*.
—Anger in diff'rent tones were heard,
And when *CARMINE* in haste appear'd,
Aghast he stood, then vengeance vow'd,
Declar'd his innocence—and bow'd;
But in a few short minutes prov'd
The wicked lines might be remov'd.
If water is not just at hand,
Saliva's always at command,

Which gives the tints a brighter glow,
And leaves a kind of varnish too.
This, with his handkerchief applied,
Soon wip'd the saucy chalk aside.
The Dame exclaim'd,—“*Pray look, d'ye see,
Still more affronts, my Lady B—— :
This is the height of all disgrace,
The Painter's spitting in my face.*”
CARMINE, without a word, went on,
And when his cleansing skill was shown,
When witticisms disappear'd,
And each offending line was clear'd,
The sudden change appear'd to please,
And angry words began to cease.
But still he thought he ought to show
The threat'ning terms he could bestow.
The maids, each answ'ring to her name,
Aloud their innocence proclaim :
The housekeeper and sturdy cook
Propose to swear on HOLY BOOK,
They could not do it :—Heaven forbid it !
And then they told,—QUÆ GENUS *did it* :
On which, the solemn Dames insist
Such Impudence should be dismiss'd.
But though they saw the alter'd show
Restor'd to all its pristine glow,
They let th' astonish'd artist know
Th' insulted portraits should not stay
Where they then were another day.
Thus porters, order'd to the door,
Away each fine resemblance bore,
That they might be defac'd no more.—
—The Dames departed in a huff,
With *fanning* cool'd,—consol'd with *snuff* :
While Miss, beneath her bonnet's poke,
Smil'd as if *she* enjoy'd the joke.

Our Hero now was seen to wait
The threat'nings of impending fate :
That fate, but in the mildest tone,
CARMINE delay'd not to make known.
"As you vie with me in my art,
'Tis clear, my friend, that we must part :
Your genius is so full of sport
That you must go,—I'm sorry for't !
Such tricks will bring, as you must see,
Disgrace upon the Gallery ;
Indeed, by your confounded fun,
Mischief may be already done !
You talk'd of schemes when you came here,
But, faith, this scheme may cost me dear.
As tricks like these you chuse to play,
'Twere well that you should march away ;
So go, where, spite of common sense,
Your jokes may pass without offence.
Few words are best,—my mind to tell :
Pack up your Chalk,—and so farewell ! "
—QUÆ GENUS the command obey'd,
As pleas'd to go as if he stay'd.
Here then his *final Service* ends :—
But MAN and MASTER parted friends.

CANTO VIII

LIFE, as a witty Bard has shewn,
Who dealt in just comparison,¹
Is but a busy pantomime,
Whose actions vary with the time ;
Where they who turn from side to side,
According to the wind and tide,
Are more ingenious in their art
Than such as act but one grave part ;
Who, as their years pass onward, seem
To glide along one gentle stream.
But here we stop not to contend
Whether, to answer Life's great end,
'Tis best from place to place to range,
Or fix to one, and never change.
Suffice it, that, from choice or chance,
QUÆ GENUS hurried through some dance
Of early life, and, as we see,
Not knowing what the next would be :
But now, disdaining future tricks,
He felt a firm resolve to fix
Upon a steady, better plan,
Of living like a *Gentleman*.
Whether he knew to calculate
The means required for such a state,
The curious eye will shortly see,
In his approaching History.

¹ BUTLER, the Author of HUDIBRAS.

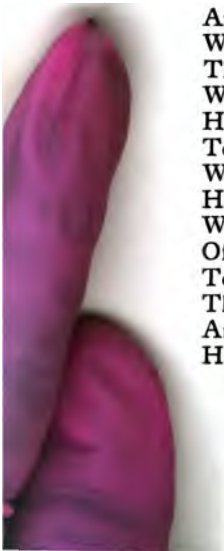
It has been well observ'd by some,
 "All countries are a wise man's home."
 As it is said of diff'rent nations,
 The same is true of various stations
 Which man is destin'd to fulfil,
 Or with, or e'en against his will ;
 If Reason happens to provide
 A steersman who is fit to guide
 The vessel o'er life's flowing main,
 And sure at last the port to gain.

How much our Hero had amass'd,
 By ways and means now gone and pass'd,
 We know not, as we never heard
 The hoarded sums he had prepar'd ;
 But as he had a sense of craving,
 And with it, too, a knack of saving,
 He must have got a heap of Cash,
 Which, for a time, would make a dash.
 The *Valcour* wardrobe almost new,
 The gifts of service, laid *perdu*,
 Would serve him for a year or two ;
 And by some *Snip's* contriving art,
 Would fit him well and make him smart :
 But stumbling-blocks were found to lay
 Before him, and impede his way.
 Manners and matter he possess'd,
 His early life had given the best ;
 And while he as a servant mov'd,
 His knowledge of the world improv'd :
 But still his face and form were known
 In certain quarters of the town,
 And the first object to his fame
 Was to discard his present name ;
 For he ne'er did a Father know,
 The source from whence a name should flow ;

And by QUÆ GENUS nought was meant—
It was a boon by accident,
Which he might, if he pleas'd, disuse,
And any other title chuse.
Through the *Directory* he waded,
Till his poor eyes were sadly jaded ;
Then in the finer streets he stroll'd
Where Names on *Door Plates* are enroll'd :
But then he fear'd a name to own,
Which would, perhaps, be too well known,
And cause enquiries, that might be
The source of some perplexity.
Reason, at length, rous'd the intention
Of yielding to his own invention,
To eke out from the alphabet,
A name he never heard of yet ;
And which his fancy might suggest
As one to suit his project best.
FREE-BORN he thought would do as well
As any other he could tell,
When, his right Christian name of JOHN
Form'd the becoming union ;
Then nothing more he could desire
Than trim these names with an ESQUIRE ;
And to let the report be spread,
That some rich relative was dead,
And 'twas his Fortune and his Fate
To get the name and an estate.
Should it be ask'd where *that* might lay,
He had prepar'd himself to say,
(As if half earnest—half in joke,
The smiling answer might be spoke,)
" 'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere,
Or in some country in the air ;
But should you come to *number three*
In such a street, you there will see

How that estate appears to thrive :
 On *Thursday* next I dine at *five*."
 Thus he would find none to suspect him,
 Or, dinners given, to neglect him.

He now to Coffee Houses went,
 With looks assuming calm content,
 And such as those are seen to wear,
 Who easy independence share.
 At reading-rooms he frequent sat,
 And read or join'd in social chat ;
 Acquaintance made, no arduous task,
 Of those he did to dinner ask.
 In gay apartments then he shone
 In a good quarter of the town,
 But distant, as we may conceive,
 From where his masters us'd to live



Miss Emily, the blooming niece
 Of the old Broker, Master *Squeeze*,
 Who made some figure in the piece,
 And, at no very distant page,
 Was seen to figure on the stage ;
 The Lady all her points had carried,
 Was rich, and had the *Pleaser* married ;
 Had chang'd her uncle's name of *Squeeze'em*
 To her shrewd husband's, Lawyer *Seize'em* :
 Who, by his cunning and his skill,
 Had brought all contests to her will,
 When he had got his promis'd fee
 Of Beauty, Wealth and Luxury.
 To her, with smiles of gay content,
 The '*Squire* his eager footsteps bent,
 And did in lofty tone proclaim
 His change of fortune as of name ;



Design by Boulton & Pomeroy

QUE GENUS GIVES A GRAND PARTY.

And told her it would be his pride,
At a small Fête would she preside,
Which he propos'd in style to give,
Where he would all her friends receive ;
For this was now the only way
He had to make his party gay :
And the first flourish of his plan
To figure as a *Gentleman*.

—She smil'd and said she'd bring him plenty,
Then ask'd at once his cards for twenty.

—The fête was given,—the dance, the song,
And feasting did the night prolong,
Which pleasure gave to full two score,
Whom he had never seen before ;—

But, his great object to maintain,
These he must strive to see again ;
At all their doors his cards present,
And thus, by various compliment,
To form a circle of such friends
As would secure his serious ends,

In social ease to pass the day,
And often find an evening gay.

—But '*Squire Free-born* quickly found

He did not tread on solid ground,
And 'gan to fear he should not see
The way to that society,

Which forms of life the happiest measure :
By mutual interchange of pleasure.

—'Twas but slight chat if he should meet
His new acquaintance in the street ;
He seldom found, or more or less,

But gen'ral forms of *politesse*,
And that, too often, at the best,
Was but in flimsy style exprest.

—Ladies would ask him to the play,
To take his arm and let him pay ;

And when to cards, he always lost
More than the wine and biscuits cost.
He found, as yet, but little done—
'Twas neither common sense nor fun,
Where kind regard would ne'er encrease,
And int'rest wak'd the wish to please ;
Where words were either cold or hearty,
As he propos'd to give a party ;
And a good supper was the charm
That did to transient friendship warm,
For that, alas, no longer lasted,
Than while they thought on what they tasted.

'Squire Free-born soon began to feel
A relaxation in his zeal
To push away that class among
Who did his evening parties throng,
From whom no fair return was made,
And mod'rate fashion was display'd.
Manners were ap'd, but in a way
That did vulgarity betray ;
And the best show that he might see,
Was dash of awkward finery :—
Besides, a rude and rough event
Gave spirit to his discontent.
—He call'd, one day, where, on admission,
The parties were in sad condition ;
It was a scene of mutual flame,
'Tween *Start-up* and his lovely dame.
He was a clerk on public duty,
And she a most conceited beauty :
When, as he enter'd, her sharp tongue
Began in tones both harsh and strong,—
“ Pray, *FREE-BORN*, do you think it breeding,
That he should thus be always reading ?



Drawn by Rougemont

QUE GENUS. INTERRUPTS A TÊTE A TÊTE.

*When he does from his office come
'Tis thus he sits hum-drum at home,
As if he thought so low my wit
I'm not for conversation fit;
Nor does he seem to rate me higher
Than to trace figures in the fire!"*
—"Call you, bum-drum, that information
So suited to official station,"
He sternly said, "*which now engages
Attention to these curious pages!"*
—"My mind," she cried, "*was in the dark
When I was married to a Clerk:—
O, bad I join'd a fool instead
Of one to office breeding bred!
He, who in honour should protect me,
You see, Sir, how he dares neglect me!"*
—In terms polite to praise and blame,
Free-born now hop'd to quench the flame,
And therefore offer'd, nothing loth,
To give a little spice of both.

"Madam, by persons of discerning,
My friend is known for store of learning;
While you are bless'd with those rare charms,
A Prince might wish to fill his arms."
He gently smil'd and so did she,
At this same two-fold flattery,
Which, in a moment, seem'd to smother
The flames of anger 'gainst each other:
He therefore ventur'd to proceed,
But did not now so well succeed.
"You ask me to unfold my thought,
Which is with truth and friendship fraught.
We all well know, in life's great stake,
There's such a Rule as *give and take*;

A maxim, with your good in view,
 I recommend to both of you.
 On this, for peace, fix your reliance,
 And learn to practise kind compliance.
 If he is haughty, soothe his pride,
 Nor with disdainful glances chide.
 When you are angry, he must chase
 All frownings from that lovely face,
 With tender words and soft embrace. }
 Both of you now are in the wrong,
He with his BOOK,—you with your TONGUE."
 But, ere he could his speech conclude,
 With scornful look and accents rude,
 Again the furious Dame began :—
"What Impudence is in the Man !
Thus, 'gainst his betters, to let loose
His vulgar tongue in such abuse.
My husband to be thus belied,
Who is my love, my boast, my pride !"
 When *Start-up* foam'd,—"*You risk your life,*
In treating thus my darling wife ;
Who, I proclaim, as 'tis my duty,
Has charms superior to her beauty !"
 Then each gave each a warm embrace,
 And both star'd in poor *Free-born's* face,
 The one as if *he* wish'd to beat him,
 The other as if *she* could have eat him.
 He then, as suiting her desire,
 Threw the base volume in the fire,
 When she—" *Thus ends a petty fuss*
Which may cross those who love like us ;
Though I might wish it had not been
By such a saucy booby seen."
 —*Free-born*, but not from sense of fear,
 Now thought it best to disappear ;

And as they rang the clam'rous bell,
He heard them both the servant tell—
“Discharg'd you shall be, if the door
Is open'd to that varlet more.”
—Such vulgar threat the *'Squire* amus'd,
For he no more would be refus'd
By those whose silly actions prove
That they could scold, and lie, and love :
But still he rather felt the wrongs
Which had proceeded from the tongues
Of those who had no fair pretence
At what he said to take offence :
A pretty way to make amends
For having treated them as friends ;
In short, he thought it best to fly
His late acquir'd society :
Pert Lawyers and such busy men
As in some office wield the pen ;
Who, when their daily labour's done,
Put their best coats and faces on ;
Leave home, where tallow dimly lights 'em,
For wax, when some dull fool invites 'em,
The plenteous evening to prolong
In lively glee or tender song,
Or in some funny tale to shine,
And give a current to the wine.
There, too, their wives and sisters flow,
Gay, scanty finery to show, }
In gawdy trim and furbelow ;
Who can, perhaps, the music play,
And scream the carol of the day ;
Nay, work a waltz, while staring eyes
Proclaim their gentle ecstasies.
At length the shawls and wrappers come,
When in their hacks they trundle home.

—Though, after all, whate'er his aim,
 Whate'er his fancy chose to claim,
 'Twas not amiss ;—this *first degree*
 In what is call'd society,
 Where step by step he must advance
 To higher place in fashion's dance :
 But with the folk, he 'gan to find,
 Who din'd with him, he never din'd,
 And got no more than casual tea
 For what his guests thought luxury ;
 And, in a snug, familiar way,
 For all they gave, they made him pay.
 Besides, he sometimes felt offence,
 At what he thought impertinence :
 Such as they were, both great and small,
 He cut acquaintance with them all.
 His purse had thus indulg'd his whim,
 But they ne'er heard again from him.

He now suspected that his plan,
 Of turning to a *Gentleman*,
 Was not so easy to be brought
 To such success as he had thought.
 But still he ventur'd to turn over
 New plans by which he might discover
 Some means to realize his scheme,
 But it, at times, began to seem
 Somewhat, indeed, too like a dream. }

To thinking minds it is not strange
 That man is seen so soon to change,
 And, when he gets on random chace,
 To move so quick from place to place.
 If no fix'd principles he trust
 Which Reason says are true and just,

The busy world will not restrain him,
 Nor in one beaten path maintain him.
 Now here, now there, he is as oft
 Seen to sink low as rise aloft.
 As he moves on, how he will vary
 From sober thought to gay vagary ;
 Nay, seem the tempers to unite
 Of Dons 'bout whom historians write ;
 The one whose name our laughter cheers,
 And he who pass'd his time in tears.
 What wonder then that we should see
 In *Free-born*, that variety,
 Which, in his disappointed mind,
 Nature may bid us look and find :
 Though he must guess profoundly well,
 Who could th' approaching change foretell.

He long since felt it as a folly
 To think again on *pretty Molly*,
 But when his project seem'd to fail,
 Her image did again prevail ;
 And humbler views began to find
 A passage to his wav'ring mind.
 Instead of striving to pursue
 What he now fear'd would never do,
 He fancied that a tender wife
 Might give a charm to rural life.
Molly he fear'd not he could move
 To bless a home with married Love,
 And that a cottage might be found,
 With garden green and meadow ground ;
 Where he might form his fragrant bowers,
 And deck the pretty lawn with flowers ;
 Beneath a beech-tree read his book,
 And sometimes angle in the brook :
 Nay, even wield a shepherd's crook. }

Money he had, and so had she,
 And, with a due economy,
 Far from the noisy world remov'd,
 And by each other fondly lov'd,
 They might pass on in plenteous ease,
 And lead a life of smiling peace.
 He slept, and, in a dream, he swore,
 He saw his *Parent-Friend* once more—
 Not looking as he did before,
 But all so smirking, blithe and gay ;
 When, sitting on a cock of hay,
 The prong and rake he seem'd to wield,
 As he were master of the field :
 He spoke not, but he seem'd to speak,—
 "*This is the life, boy, you must seek.*"
 —Such was another strong emotion
 To aid the new, romantic notion,
 And think of nought but Cottage Life,
 With pretty MOLLY for his Wife.
 He turn'd this over in his mind,
 And ev'ry hour felt more inclin'd
 To take the Maiden by surprize,
 And this fond dream to realize.

Sweet MOLLY now was gone from town
 As waiting-maid to *Lady Brown*,
 Who lives a portion of the year
 At her fine place in Devonshire ;
 Nor did *fond Corydon* delay
 To write his mind another day :
 While, to amuse th' impatient hours,
 He fill'd his room with shrubs and flowers :
 Branching *Geraniums* were seen
 To make his ev'ry window green,
 And something like a picture wear
 Of future scenery he might share.

Our time does like our watches go
 Sometimes too fast,—sometimes too slow ;
 But to the 'Squire, for he was still
 A 'Squire, though now against his will,
 Old *Bald-Pate* mov'd with tardy tread,
 As if his feet were hung with lead ;
 But he went on :—An answer came,
 Sign'd MOLLY, with no other name !
 He thought it odd, but did not wait
 To make it matter of debate,
 So quick his hurry to be shown
 The passion which the page would own.
 He read,—“ *I've heard, bless Heav'n, my*

friend !
(With thanks for what you might intend,)

Your serving days are at an end :

Thus I believ'd, and find it true,

I could no longer think of you.

It seems to be your prosp'rous fate

To come into a great estate ;

And so I thought it Heaven's decree,

You ought no more to think of me.

Besides, as you have never wrote,

I fancied Molly was forgot ;

When soon a tender lover came,

A learned man, of preaching fame ;

He press'd me,—I was not obdurate,

And so, I'm married to a CURATE !

The match my Lady much approv'd,

And my good Husband's so below'd,

Our kind SIR JOHN has given his word

That he shall shortly be preferr'd.

Poor Corydon could read no more,

But, in a rage the letter tore,

And kick'd the fragments round the floor :

Toss'd some things up, and some things down,
 Curs'd both the *Country* and the *Town* ;
 With pots and pans did battle rage—
 Drove the geraniums from the stage,
 And wish'd no object now to see
Of ruralized felicity.

The country letter turn'd the tide
 To rush upon his wounded pride :
 At once he thought it more than folly
 Thus to have offer'd love to *Molly*.
 Nay, he began to smile at length ;
 And, to regain becoming strength,
 He took to the well-known resort
 Of season'd dish and good *Old Port* :
 When as he sat, with uplift eyes,
 And, thro' the window, view'd the skies,
 He ventur'd to soliloquize. }

“ My *genteel folk* I have declin'd,
 At least, the sort which I could find ;
 And just as much dispos'd to sneeze
 At all my *Rural Deities* :
 But still I've got a heap of *Cash*,
 And, while it lasts, will make a *Dash* !
 But here one firm resolve I make,—
I never will my Elbow shake ;
 And if I take care not to *play*,
 I shall get something for my pay :
 It will not *all* be thrown away !
 Who knows what *Cupid*, too, may do ?
 For I may *win* if I should *woo* ;
 And e'en, in spite of this same *Hump*,
Fortune may turn me up a trump.
 —My standard now shall be unfurl'd,
 And I will rush into the world :

Nay, when I have the world enjoy'd,
With emptied purse and spirits cloy'd,
I then can trip it o'er the main :
VALCOUR will take me back again ;
Once more his humble friend receive,
With all the welcome he can give :
We know not what from ill may screen us,
And I, once more, shall be QUÆ GENUS."
—He spoke, and seem'd to close his plan
Of keeping up the *Gentleman*.

The Sun had sunk beneath the west,
To go to bed and take his rest,
As Poets feign, in THERIS lap,
Where he ne'er fails to have a nap ;
When, with his second bottle rallied,
Our Hero rose, and out he sallied
In search of any lively fun,
That he, perchance, might hit upon.
—As through a court he chanc'd to pass,
He saw a gay, well-figur'd lass,
Who, in her floating fripp'ry shone,
With all the trim of fashion on.
She had descended from a coach,
And did a certain door approach,
With tripping step and eager haste,
When soon th' illumin'd arch she pass'd :
And still he saw, in height of feather,
Small parties enter there together,
While jovial gentlemen appear'd,
Who, as they came, each other cheer'd.
—He asked, where these fine Ladies went ?
The watchman said,—“For merriment ;
And should a little dancing fit you,
A crown, your honour, will admit you.”

—The 'Squire then rapp'd, the door was op'd,
He gave his coin, and in he popp'd :
The music sounded in the hall,
And smiling faces grac'd the ball,
Where, as he lov'd a merry trip
With some *gay Miss* he chose to skip,
But as they *Waltz'd* it round in pairs
A noise was heard upon the stairs,
And strait a magistrate appear'd
With solemn aspect ; while, uprear'd,
Official staves in order stand,
To wait the laws' so rude command.
—Sad hurry and confusion wait
On this their unexpected state ;
When there broke forth, as it might seem,
From snow-white throats, a fearful scream ;
Nor, to add horror, was there wanting
Some strong appearances of fainting :
But Justice, with its iron brow
Unfeeling scowl'd on all the show.
In shriller tones the ladies cried,
In diff'rent key the beaux replied,
Though some consoling bev'rage quaff,
Give a smart twirl, nor fear to laugh :
While coarser voices,—“ hold your tongue,
Pack up your alls and come along.”
Then, of fair culprits full a score,
And of their dancing partners more,
Beneath stern power's relentless rod,
Were rang'd, and order'd off to Quod.
They march'd away in long procession
To take the fruits of their transgression :—
Staffmen did at their head appear,
And watchmen lighted up the rear.
Our Hero felt the ridicule
Of having idly play'd the fool,



Drawn by Rowlandson

QUA GENUS committed with a riotous dancing Party, to the Watch-House.



And, as he handed on his *Belle*,
He could not but compare the smell
That rotten root and trodden leaf
Do to th' offended senses give
Of those who, by the lamp's pale light,
Through Covent-Garden stroll at night,
With all the garlands which he weav'd
Ere Molly's letter was receiv'd :
And all the fragrance of the flowers
He thought to cull in Molly's bowers ;
Nay, which, but the preceding morning,
His promis'd hopes had been adorning.
It was indeed a noisome change,
O it was strange, 'twas passing strange !
But still the watch-house made amends,
Such as they were, they gave him friends.
Which here, I'm not suppos'd to think
Were such as save from ruin's brink ;
But lively sprites who have a taste
To hurry on the stream to waste.
Thus, when the welcome morn was come,
And Justice sent the party home ;
He and two blades of certain feather
Propos'd to pass the day together :
The one, more grave, declar'd his breed,
Famous on t'other side the *Tweed*,
The other lively, brisk and airy,
Boasted his birth in *Tipperary* ;
Though whether this were truly so,
'Tis from their words alone we know :
But they were easy, free and jolly,
Decided foes to melancholy,
And seem'd well-form'd to aid a day
In passing pleasantly away.
—But first the Trio thought it best
To snatch some hours' refreshing rest,

When, as it was in Summer's pride,
 They pass'd their jovial hours beside
 The crystal *Thames* imperial tide;
 And as the river roll'd along,
 Made the banks echo with their song.
 —At length it was a rival jest
 Who of the three could sing the best.
 —The sturdy Scot the song began,
 And thus th' harmonious contest ran.

WALLACE, who fought and bled, he sung,
 Whose name dwells on a nation's tongue.
 The 'SQUIRE, in boist'rous tone declar'd,
 And neither lungs nor quavering spar'd,
 That Britain triumph'd o'er the waves
 And Britons never would be slaves.
 Then ERIN'S SON, with sweeter voice,
 Exclaim'd, "I'll make you both rejoice;
 O with a famous song I'll treat you,
 And then you both shall say I've beat you
 Your verses are old-fashion'd prosing,
 My song is of my own composing;
 And though 'tis to lov'd ERIN's fame,
 To all three Kingdoms 'tis the same."
 The hearers both politely bow'd,
 When he, of his fam'd subject proud,
 Pour'd forth his accents deep and loud.

SONG.

It has long been agreed by all persons of
 learning
 Who in stories of old have a ready discerning,
 That in every country which travellers paint,
 There has always been found a protector or saint.
 Derry down, etc.



Drawn by Rowlandson

QUE GENES engaged with jovial Friends: Or_ Who sings best?



JOHNNY QUÆ GENUS 215

St. George for Old England, with target and
lance,
St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Denis for France,
St. David o'er Wales, so long known to preside,
And St. Patrick, Hibernia's patron and pride.
Derry down, etc.

He was gallant and brave as a saint ought to be,
For St. George was not braver or better than
he,
He would drink and would sing and would
rattle like thunder,
Though 'twas said, he was, now and then given
to blunder.
Derry down, etc.

But the jests of his friends he took in good
part,
For his blunders were nought but th' excess of
his heart;
Though there was but one blunder he ever
would own,
And that was when he saw all the claret was
gone.
Derry down, etc.

He'd fight for his country's religion and laws,
And when beauty was injur'd he took up the
cause,
For the gallant St. Patrick, as ev'ry one knows,
Was fond of a pretty girl under the rose.
Derry down, etc.

So many his virtues, it would be too long
 To rehearse them at once in a ballad or song ;
 Then with laughter and mirth let us hallow his
 shrine,
 And drown all his Bulls in a bumper of wine.
 Derry down, etc.

Then *St. Patrick*, *St. George* and *St. Andrew*
 shall be
 The Protectors of Kingdoms so brave and so
 free :
 Thus in vain will the thunders of *Denis* be hurl'd,
 For our *Trio of Saints* shall give laws to the
 world.

Derry down, etc.

Hard went the hands upon the board,
 And ERIN's praises were *encor'd*.

Thus when the pleasant song was heard,
 HIBERNIA's minstrel was preferr'd ;
 Nor from the voice or in the eye
 Was there a hint of jealousy :
 Nay, while they took their parting glass,
 These sentiments were heard to pass.
 " The Thistle, Shamrock and the Rose
 May challenge all the world at blows :
English and *Irish* names are known,—
 There's *Marlborough* and *Wellington* ;
 And O, what men of glorious name
 Do *Scotia's* annals give to Fame ! "

With friends like these the 'Squire began
 His new career, and thus it ran,
 With others whom he chanc'd to light on
 In trips to *Tunbridge* or to *Brighton*,

SWELLS at most public places known
 And as gay triflers 'bout the town ;
 Who might, perhaps, at times resort
 To *Billiard-rooms* or *Tennis-court*,
 Where lively grace, and easy skill
 Might flatter Fortune to their will.
Freeborn these gay companions sought,
 Who soon their brisk disciple taught
 How to direct his lively course
 By the snug compass in his purse ;
 In short, who tutor'd his quick sense
 In the gay world to make pretence
 By modest, well-dress'd impudence. }
 —Ye *Dandies*, *Bucks* or by what name
Bond Street re-echoes with your fame ;
 Whether in *Dennet*, *Gig* or *Tandem*,
 In five-cap'd coats you bang at random,
 With such nice skill that you may break
 Your own, or *Dulcinea's* neck :
 Or, when lock'd arm in arm you meet,
 From the plain causeway to the street,
 Drive Ladies in their morning walk,
 While you enjoy your lounging talk :
 Then saunter off to pass your hours
 In roving through those gaudy bowers
 Where purchas'd pleasure seems design'd
 To occupy the thoughtless mind :
 And, having idled through the day,
 To quicken dull night's weary way,
 You seek the mask, the dance or play ;— }
 With you our Hero did contrive
 To keep himself and time alive ;
 But now and then too prone to trace
 Those scrapes that border on disgrace,
 And threat the unreflecting plan
 Of the best would-be Gentleman !

From such as these he was not free,
As we, I fear, shall shortly see,
In this so busy history. }

—To him no social life was known,
His home, his friends were through the town
Who were seen wand'ring here and there,
Caring for no one, no one's care ;
Prepared no pleasures to receive
But coin could buy or chance might give ;
And would prove lively or were dull,
As the silk purse was drain'd or full.
For though deck'd out with all the art
That Fashion's journeymen impart,
They never pass'd the tonish wicket
Of High-life, but by purchas'd ticket
Obtain'd by the resistless bribe
To Traitors of the livried tribe,
Which, by some bold disguise to aid,
Might help them through a masquerade ;
Or, with some sly, well-fram'd pretence
And varnish'd o'er with impudence,
A proud admittance might obtain
With chance to be turn'd out again :
Nor was the luckless *Freeborn* spar'd,
When he the saucy trial dar'd.
—One night, the hour we need not tell,
Into a trap the coxcomb fell.
As through the streets he rattled on
Lamps with inviting brilliance shone ;
The music's sound, the portal's din
Told 'twas a joyous scene within :
The second bottle of the night,
Might have produced a double sight,
And two-fold courage to pursue
The splendid prospect in his view,

He, therefore bade the Hack approach,
And at the door present the coach ;
Then made a push, got through the hall,
And quickly mingled with the ball.

—Whether his face was too well known

Among the dashers of the town,
Who do not an admittance gain
Among the more distinguish'd train,
Whose social habits will exclude

The mere street-trampling multitude,

Who, like the insects of a day,

Make a short buzz and pass away :

Or whether the intruding sinner

Eat as he seem'd to want a dinner ;

Or if it did his fancy suit

To line his pocket with the fruit ;

Or if he let some signal fly,

Not usual in such company,

Or if his spirits were so loud

As to alarm the polish'd crowd ;

Whatever was the Spell that bound him,

Suspicion more than hover'd round him ;

For, he replied with silent stare,

As he was taken unaware,

When he was ask'd how he came there.

Nor did he show a visage bold

When, in a whisper, he was told,

But still with steady look express'd

By the stern Master of the feast,

If he wish'd not to play a farce

To make his pretty figure scarce.

—That such a part he might not play

Which menac'd e'en the least delay,

He thought it best to glide away ;

And, to avoid the threat'ning rout,

As he push'd in, he darted out.

A tonish Matron who ne'er fail'd
Where she was ask'd and cards prevail'd,
My Lady Dangle was her name,
And 'twas the fancy of the dame
Still to retain the antique plan
At night to dance in a *Sedan*
Sedans, so known the fair to coop,
When clad in the expanding hoop,
Snug chairs borne on by sturdy feet,
Once seen in ev'ry courtly street ;
And one a most uncommon sight,
Was waiting at the door to-night ;
Which, in all due array, was come,
To bear my *Lady Dangle* home.
The Chairmen lifted up the top,
When *Freeborn*, with a sprightly hop,
And his cloak wrapp'd around his face,
Made bold to seize the vacant place :
The bearers, not intent to know,
Whether it were a *Belle* or *Beau*,
Went on—a cheary footman bore
A flambeau, blund'ring on before :
While, ere the 'Squire, in this sad scrape,
Had time to plan his next escape,
A heap of Paviquir's stones which lay
Directly in the Chairmen's way,
Gave them a fall upon the road,
With their alarm'd, mistaken load.
Each Watchman sprang his rousing rattle,
But as no voices call'd for battle,
They did the best without delay
To set the party on their way :
While the attendants on the chair,
Half-blinded by the flambeau's glare,
First rais'd their weighty forms and then
Set the *Sedan* upright again :



Drawn by Rowlandson

'THE FANTY BREAKING UP, AND QUE GENUS BREAKING DOWN.'





Nor e'er attempted to explore
The hapless head that burst the door.
But such was *Freeborn's* falling fate,
Which such confusion did create
Within the region of his brain,
He did not know his home again :
Nay, when the wearied Chairmen stopp'd,
Into the house he stagg'ring popp'd ;
Then to and fro got up the stairs,
And, straddling o'er opposing chairs,
He star'd, but knew not he was come }
To Lady Dangle's Drawing Room,
But wildly thought himself at home. }
Then on a sofa threw his length,
Thus to regain exhausted strength,
And grunted, groan'd and drew his breath,
As if it were the hour of death.

Sir David Dangle, whom the gout
Had kept that night from going out,
Was sitting in all sick-man's quiet,
Nor dreaming of a scene of riot
When, waken'd into wild amaze,
He did on the strange vision gaze,
While the bold reprobate intrusion
Threw all the house into confusion.
In rush'd domestics one and all,
Who heard the bell's alarming call ;
While stamping crutch and roaring voice
Encreas'd the Knight's awak'ning noise
That he might quick assistance stir
Against this unknown visitor.
But while the household struggled hard
To keep him still, and be his guard,
Till he thought fit to lay before 'em
The cause of all his indecorum ;

My Lady came to set all right
 And check the hurry of the night :
 She then, to soothe his rude alarms
 Clasp'd her dear Knight within her arms,
 Those arms which, for full forty years,
 As from tradition it appears,
 Had sometimes strok'd his chin and coax'd him,
 And now and then had soundly box'd him.
 "It is," she said, "some heated rake,
 Who has occasion'd the mistake.
 But loose your hands, I do protest,
 To be thus us'd, he's too well drest
 For though his face I do not know
 He does some air of fashion show,
 Playing his pranks incognito." }
 —"It may be so," the Knight replied,
 And then he shook his head and sigh'd :
 "I'm not a stranger to the game,
 When I was young, I did the same."
 —Beside Sir David, Madam sat :
 To charm his flurry with her chat
 Her tongue pour'd forth its ready store
 And talk'd the busy evening o'er ;
 Their biscuits took and, nothing loth,
 Moistened them well with cordial broth ;
 Thus, till bed call'd, enjoy'd their quaffing,
 He with hoarse chuckle—she with laughing.

As he his innocence had vow'd,
 Our Hero press'd his hands and bow'd,
 Nay look'd, with humble, downcast eye,
 The Mirror of Apology.
 Besides, he well knew how to bribe
 The service of the liv'ried tribe ;
 So, without fear of ill to come,
 He was convey'd in safety home.



Drawn by Hans Andersen

QUÆ GENUS turned out of a house which he mistakes for his own.



—With the next noon his morning came,
And serious thoughts began to claim
Attention to the Life he past,
And how much longer it might last :
For the hard blow he had receiv'd,
By the chair's fall, had so aggriev'd
The Pericranium's tend'rest part
That it requir'd a Surgeon's art,
Who, to relieve the threat'ning pains
Applied the leeches to his veins,
He then with blistering proceeded,
The strong Cathartic next succeeded,
With light debarr'd to either eye,
And undisturb'd tranquillity :
Such was the system to restore
His health to what it was before.
Thus bound to silence and confin'd
It was a period for the mind
To yield to those reflecting powers
Which flow from solitary hours.

'Tis said by one, no chattering dunce
That changes seldom come at once ;
And to those changes we refer
Which work in human character.
Reason at once does not disown us,
Nor instant folly seize upon us ;
It is by a progressive course
That habit sinks from bad to worse,
And thus the happier impulse moves
By which the character improves :
The struggle that controuls the will
From ill to good, from good to ill,
Is not a contest for the power
That lasts but through a transient hour.

Virtue's fine ardor does not yield
But after many a well-fought field ;—
Nor do the baser passions cool
Till they despair to overrule,
By secret spell or Virtue's fire,
The glowing of the heart's desire.
Thus, as through pictur'd life we range,
We see the varying landscape change,
But, as the different scenes we view,
If we have hearts we feel them too :
And then, how charming is the sight
When Virtue rises to its height
And triumphs o'er the conquer'd foe
That flaps its baffled wing below.
What though such images as these
May look to Eccentricities
Beyond the reach of those whose claim
Is shelter'd by a borrow'd name :
Yet still our system may apply
The force of its philosophy
To ev'ry track of human life,
Where the heart feels conflicting strife ;
In short, where 'tis the painful lot,
And in what bosom is it not,
To struggle in the certain feud
Between the evil and the good,
That in our mortal nature lies
With all its known propensities :
Nor shall we on our Hero trample
As an inadequate example.
He'll serve as well as brighter tools
To give an edge to moral rules,
And *Freeborn's* frolics may prevail
To give a spirit to the tale
Which in its fashion and its feature
Bears, as we trust, the stamp of nature.

—Besides, it surely has appear'd,
He was at first in virtue rear'd,
Nor do we fear, however cross'd,
His Virtue has been wholly lost :
Nor will our kind and honest muse
The hope, nay the belief refuse,
That, after all his follies past,
Much good may still remain at last
Which might, with Reason's aid, at length,
Be felt in more than former strength.
How this may happen we shall see
In our progressive history.

Thus he, for many a night and day,
In strict, prescriptive silence lay,
For he all talking was forbid
No friends must visit, if they did,
All Galen's efforts would be vain
For the re-settling of his brain ;
And when acquaintance chanc'd to come
It must be said, "He's not at home :"
Nay, his kind friends, when it appear'd,
That e'en his life was rather fear'd,
And that his hospitable fare
Might quickly vanish into air :
Though as the knocker still was tied,
They just ask'd if he liv'd or died.
But other reasons soon prevail
That made his vain pretensions fail
To ask them now and then to dine,
And prove their welcome by his wine.
For when they left him others came,
More constant in their wish and aim ;
Who, while the Doctor order'd pills,
Would call, perhaps, to leave their bills ;

And sometimes in the way of trade.
Might ask the favour to be paid.
These things, as he lay still in bed,
Would sometimes tease his shaken head,
And force him to consult his heard,
To know what hopes that might afford
When he to health should be restor'd. }
—That time arriv'd and he was free
From offering another fee,
But then he found more clumsy hands
Ready to grasp enlarg'd demands.
—In all the playgames he had sought
He found, at last, as might be thought,
In worst of scrapes he now was left,
Our 'Squire, alas, was deep in debt,
And which was worse, of the amount,
He could not pay the full account :
Nor were his drooping spirits cheer'd
When ev'ry day a Dun appear'd.
There were no frolics now to charm
The mind from feeling the alarm,
At thought so painful to endure
Th' afflicting thought of being poor.
But though Discretion oft had fail'd him,
And Folly's Gim-crack schemes assail'd him
Though his whole conduct might not bear
The scrutinizing eye severe :
Yet honour was not dispossess'd
Of a snug corner in his breast,
Which there an influence did maintain,
And, call'd to speak, spoke not in vain ;
For he refus'd, at once, to hear
What smiling Knaves pour'd in his ear,
To scrape the relics of his hoard,
Make a long skip and get abroad ;

Seize the first favourable wind,
And laugh at those he left behind.
—The counsel given, was given in vain;
He met it with a just disdain,
Bore with mild humour each sly sneer,
And smil'd when Folly chose to jeer;
Resolv'd to pay to his last groat,
Though standing in his only coat.
—'Twas thus he thought in temper cool,
"I may be call'd vain, silly fool,
And something more I might deserve,
But I would dig or almost starve,
Rather than in that concert join,
Which sprightly vagabonds design."
—Suspicion may be sometimes led
To doubt the vows which, on the bed
Of pain and sickness, may be made,
When, by a trait'rous world betray'd
Hope's future prospects sink and fade. }
For when Contrition views the past,
Because the passing day's o'ercast
Yet does no more its place retain
When smiling hours return again,
'Tis but an hypocritic art
To mock the world and cheat the heart.
But our sick Hero, as the verse
Will, with unvarnish'd truth, rehearse,
An eye of tearful sorrow threw
O'er some past years' reproachful view, }
And trembling at the future too.
Thus, of some awkward fears possess'd,
He held a council in his breast,
And felt the way to be pursued
Was now to do the best he could,
And call on Justice to receive
The only tribute he could give.

Thus, at once, honest and discreet,
He call'd his Creditors to meet
To hear proposals which he thought
They would receive as just men ought :
Nay, fancied, when he told his tale,
That lib'ral notions would prevail ;
Nor could his gen'rous mind foresee
The fruits of his integrity :
For when he walk'd into the room
He found th' invited guests were come,
Who soon began in hideous measure,
To play away their loud displeasure,
Not unlike *Andrews* at a fair
Who to make gaping rustics stare,
Expand their lanky, lantern jaws
That fire may issue from their maws.
One darted forth revengeful looks,
Another pointed to his books
Wherein a charge was never made,
That did not honour to his trade ;
And curs'd th' accounts which were not paid,
Nor fail'd to wish he could convey them,
We'll not say where, who did not pay them.
A *third*, as hard as he was able,
Struck his huge fist upon the table.
While, beastly names from many a tongue,
Around the room resounding rung.
As *Freeborn* had not quite possess'd
The hope that he should be carest,
He rather look'd with down-cast eye,
To win by his humility,
And put on a repentant face
As suited to the awkward place :
Nay, his high spirits he prepar'd
And call'd discretion for their guard

HISTORY

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Drawn by Henderson

QUE GENUS & CREDITORS.

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In case, though it was not expected,
Decorum should be quite neglected :—
But when the Butcher strok'd his sleeve,
Brandish'd his steel and call'd him thief, }
Belching forth mutton, veal and beef ;
When touch'd by such a market sample
They join'd to follow his example ;
When stead of praise for honest doing }
And the fair course he was pursuing
They loos'd their banter on his ruin ; }
His prudence then was thrown aside
From sense of irritated pride,
And, patient bearing quite exhausted,
He thus the angry circle roasted.—
“ You all in your abuse may shine,
But know—*Abuse will never coin !*
Remember you have had my trade,
For some few years, and always paid ;
While for your charges you must own,
I let them pass, nor cut them down,
And Customers, such fools like me
Are Prizes in your Lottery.
Put but your loss and gain together,
I should deserve your favour, rather
Than this rude and unseemly treating,
As if I gain'd my bread by cheating.
You know, you set of thankless calves,
You are well paid if paid by halves ;
And spite of knowing nods and blinking,
I have been told, and can't help thinking,
All that now may remain to pay
The claims which bring me here to-day,
A just Arithmetic would tell
Will pay your honours very well !
But I have done—nay, I shall burst
If I say more——so do your worst.——”

He threw himself into a chair,
While each at each began to stare ;
When, from a corner of the room,
A milder voice appear'd to come,
And, without prefatory art,
Was heard opinions to impart
Which as he spoke them, did not fail
O'er the loud rancour to prevail.

“ Gem'men,—

“ I cannot but refuse
My honest vote to your abuse ;
And had I thought it was your plan
Thus to foul-mouth a *Gentleman*,
(And such he is, I'll boldly say,
By all he has propos'd to-day)
I would have stay'd and minded home,
Nor to this boist'rous Meeting come !
You could not give a harder banging
To one whose deeds had call'd for hanging.
What I've to say there's no denying—
Nor will I please you now by lying.
For no short time, you all can tell,
We each charg'd high and he paid well ;
Nay, now that he is gone to pot
He gives us all that he has got,
And with a pittance is content
To take him to the Continent :
Nor by sly tricks does he deceive ye
But gives you all that he can give you ;
And, if again of wealth possess,
I doubt not but he'll pay the rest ;
Now he who does the best he can,
I'm certain he's a *Gentleman*.
For me, whate'er may be your will,
I'll take his terms and trust him still ;

And my best judgement recommends
The same, right conduct to my friends.”
Much more the lib’ral tradesman said
And still continued to persuade
With arguments that bore the test
From that known power call’d Interest,
Which, by degrees, becalm’d the riot,
And clos’d the scene in gen’ral quiet.
Thus, grumb’ling o’er, with parting glass,
The settling hour was seen to pass,
And soon dismiss’d our *Freeborn* home
To meditate on times to come,
With the first pleasure man can know,
Of doing what he ought to do.

Whether it was his ready way,
As we know not, we cannot say—
But as he saunter’d through a court,
A passage of no small resort,
Well known to Lawyer’s daily tread,
As to the *King’s-Bench Walks* it led,
A Placard of no common size
Compell’d the gaze of passing eyes:
When, as he read, he saw it bore
The well-known name he whilom bore,
While there was forc’d upon his view
The *Rev’rend* DOCTOR SYNTAX too;
Nay, as he thought, it seem’d to be
A Brief of his own History:
Nor was it sure an idle whim
To think that it belong’d to him.
The Advertisement did address,
In all the pomp of printing press,
Th’ important loss which was sustain’d
And the reward that might be gain’d

By those who should the loss restore
 To those who did th' event deplore.
 Then o'er and o'er he read the paper
 That set his spirits in a caper ;
 For when he trac'd the pedigree,
 He whisper'd to himself—" 'Tis ME."
 Nor do I from the hope refrain,
 Nor do I think I boast in vain,— }
 QUÆ GENUS is *Himself again !* "

But here it may become the verse,
 The Placard's purpose to rehearse,

This ADVERTISEMENT courts regard
 To full FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS reward.

" *Upwards of TWENTY YEARS ago,*
Or more or less it may be so,
Some one had ventur'd to expose
In clean and decent swaddling clothes,
An INFANT, laid before the door
Mark'd number THREE in number FOUR,
Of Chambers which distinction claim,
And Paper Buildings is their name :
Now any one who can but give
Assurance that He still doth live,
The above reward will then receive. }
QUÆ GENUS is the Foundling's name,
Which, if alive, he best can claim,
For now at least it is not known
That he can any other own.
The kind Protector of his Birth
Was a Divine of highest worth—
Who held preferment in the North— }

*SYNTAX was his much-honour'd name,
 Nor is he now unknown to Fame.
 But time has long since laid his head
 On his last low and silent bed ;
 And search has hitherto been vain,
 The Foundling's present state to gain.
 A Laundress now is still alive
 Who can some information give,
 And BETTY BROOM is the known name
 Of the communicating Dame
 To whose kind care deliver'd first,
 The Babe was given to be nurs'd.
 Th' exposure she can well display
 As if it were but yesterday,
 But further knowledge is requir'd
 And what events may have conspir'd
 To shape his Life—If he should live,
 'Tis what this paper asks to give.
 Who has such tidings and will tell 'em,
 With all due proofs, to Mr. VELLUM,
 Or sent by Post to his abode,
 Near Shoreditch Church in Hackney Road,
 Will the remuneration prove
 That's fully stated as above."*

Again he read the paper o'er,
 Resolv'd its purport to explore,
 And strait to Number THREE repairs
 When hobbling down the ancient stairs,
 He met the Matron whom he sought,
 And told his story as he ought,
 A rapid sketch—nor did it fail
 To be an interesting Tale :
 Which when she heard, against the wall
 The broom she held was seen to fall,

And scarce her old arms could prevail
 To bear the burthen of her pail.
 Her glasses then she sought to place
 On the *Proboscis* of her face ;
 Not that a likeness she should see
 'Tween riper years and infancy.
 But now her heart began to melt
 At *Recollections* that she felt,
 And thus she wish'd to tell them o'er,
 As she had often done before.
 "What, though so many years are gone,
 And you to man's estate are grown,
 Since I, in all its infant charms,
 Dandled the Foundling in my arms,
 Were I but certain it was *you*,
 Yes I would hug—and kiss you too."
 —But though he vow'd and did exclaim
 He was the very—very same ;
 And though he put forth ev'ry grace
 With which his words could gild his face,
 He could not gain a kind embrace ;
 Though twenty-five don't often sue
 To claim a kiss from sixty-two :
 But some suspicions had possess'd
 The avenues to *Betty's* breast ;
 For she liv'd where her open ear
 Was practis'd ev'ry day to hear
 Of art array'd in fairest guise
 And truth o'erthrown by artifice.
 Thus what could the old Matron do ?
 She fear'd him false, and wish'd him true :
 Then turn'd him round, but look'd aghast,
 As at his back her eye she cast ;
 When she thus spoke, and heav'd a sigh,
 "I hope it is not treachery !

Before that door the child lay sprawling,
And mov'd the Doctor with its squalling ;
But, before Heaven I can swear,
It then was as a Cherub fair ;
Strait as a little arrow he,
In perfect form and symmetry ;
And from its neck unto its rump,
Believe me, he had no such hump
As that, though hid with every care,
Your injur'd form is seen to bear ;
And cannot but appear to be
A natural deformity.
How this change came of course you know,—
With the poor child it was not so ;—
Prepare its Hist'ry to explain,
Or you will visit here in vain.
—My good young man, strive not to cheat,
Nor think to profit by deceit :
You have with knowing folk to do,
Not to be foil'd by such as you.
I own you tell a moving tale,
But Facts alone will now prevail :
You will be sifted up and down
Till e'en your marrow-bones are known.
—I've not another word to say ;
To *Master Vellum* take your way,
You'll find him at his snug abode
Near *Shoreditch Church*, in *Hackney Road* :
For, when the infant first was left,
Of all parental care bereft,
The Bookseller and I, between us,
Had much to do with dear QUÆ GENUS :
For to his shop I us'd to go
'Twas then in *Paternoster Row*,
As he the money did supply
For the poor Foundling's nursery.

—O, if he finds your story true,
 It will, indeed, be well for you !
 I will then hug and kiss you too ! ” }
 He took his leave—she gave a blessing
 As good, perhaps, as her caressing.

In haste, and on his great intent
 To *Vellum* He his footsteps bent ;
 Who had long since left off the trade
 By which he had a fortune made :
 But why we do the old Man see
 A figure in this history,
 Becomes a duty to explain,
 Nor shall it be employ'd in vain :
 And now, as brief as can be told,
 We must the Mystery unfold ;
 And, since so many years are o'er,
 Why it was not explain'd before.
 Though he who length of life has seen,
 Must have a cold observer been ;
 Whose languid or incurious eye
 Has not the power to descry,
 On what a chain of odds and ends
 The course of Human Life depends.

But now we quit the beaten road
 And turn into an *Episode*,
 Nor fear the track, though we shall draw
 The picture of a *Man of Law* ;
 For we have seldom had to do
 With one so gen'rous, just and true ;
 So he was thought by grateful fame,
 And *Fairman* was the good man's name.
 If in that long-suspected trade
 An honest fortune e'er was made

'Twas that he could in Honour boast
As Justice always tax'd the cost.
'Twas his to bid Contention cease
And make the Law a Friend to peace :
He strove to silence rising feud,
And all his practice led to good :
By mildest means it was his aim
To silence each opposing claim ;
To take Injustice by the brow
And make it to right reason bow :
Nay, where in courts he must contend,
He saw no foe, and knew no friend.
He fail'd not by his utmost power
To wing with speed Law's ling'ring hour ;
A busy foe to dull delay,
He spurr'd each process on its way ;
Nor were his words, by skill made pliant,
Arrang'd to flatter any Client :
Whene'er he claim'd his well-earn'd Fee,
Justice and Law would answer—*Yea*.
And when Oppression knit its brow
And said, *proceed*,—He answer'd—*No*.
—When summon'd to the great *Assize*,
Held in the Court above the skies,
He will not be afraid to hear
The VERDICT which awaits him *there*.
—Such was the Man who soon would own
QUÆ GENUS as his darling Son.

CANTO IX

THE man of pure and simple heart
 Through Life disdains a double part,
 Nor does he need a mean device
 His inward bosom to disguise :
 Thus as he stands before mankind
 His actions prove an honest mind.
 But though 'gainst Reason's rigid rule
 He may have play'd the early fool,
 As wise men may, perhaps, have done
 In the long race which they have run ;
 For Passion, which will act its part
 In the best regulated heart,
 Is, as we may too often see
 Beset with Nature's frailty.
 Yet Virtue in its course prevails ;
 The better impulse seldom fails
 When smiling Conscience holds the scales :
 Nay, through the venial errors past,
 Maintains its influence to the last,
 And thus, with righteous hope endued,
 Rests on *predominating good*.

Something like this we hope to see
 In our progressive History.

One morn as worthy *Fairman* lay
 Courting his pillow's soft delay,

Enjoying, in his mind's fair view,
 Good he had done, or meant to do ;
 A Letter came, as it appear'd,
 Sign'd by a name, he'd never heard,
 To beg he instant would attend
 An old and long-forgotten friend,
 Matter of import to unfold
 Which could by her alone be told,
 Whose trembling hand in Nature's spite
 Had strove the wretched scrawl to write.
 She wish'd into his ear to pour
 The tidings of a dying hour,
 Which she was anxious to impart
 To the recesses of his heart.
 This Summons the good man obey'd
 And found upon, a sick-bed laid,
 A female form, whose languid eye
 Seem'd to look bright when he drew nigh.
 —"Listen," she said, "I humbly pray,
 Though short the time, I've much to say.
 My features now no longer bear
 The figure when you thought them fair :
 MARIA was my borrow'd name
 When passion shook my early claim
 To woman's glory, that chaste fame }
 Which when once lost, no power should give,
 But to repent—the wish to live.
 A mother's lab'ring pangs I knew,
 And the child ow'd its life to you.
 Though ever gen'rous, just and kind
 Here doubt perplex'd your noble mind,
 And had dispos'd you to believe
 That I was false, and could deceive :
 But now, if solemn oaths can prove,
 And if my dying words can move,

Should he be living, I'll make known
The Babe I bore to be *your own*.
Scarce was it born, but 'twas my care
That you a parent's part should bear.
My quiv'ring hands then wrapp'd it o'er,
I trembling plac'd it on the floor
And gave a signal at the door :
When I, my eyes bedimm'd with tears,
And flurried by alarming fears,
In a dark night mistook the stair
And left it to a stranger's care.
Such was my error, as I thought
The child was harbour'd where it ought ;
And, O my friend, how well I knew
The helpless would be safe with you :—
And when, by secret means, I heard
It was receiv'd and would be rear'd,
I doubted not you did prepare
The blessings of a parent's care.
—I was content, and join'd the train
Of warring men who cross'd the main ;
And since, for twenty years or more,
I've follow'd Camps on India's shore ;
But when, how chang'd by years of pain,
I saw my native land again,
I look'd, how vainly, for the joy
Of seeing my deserted Boy !
Think how my disappointment grew,
When, from a strict research, I knew
He never had been known to you !
But, favour'd by the will of Heaven,
To Mercy's hand he has been given ;
Though of his first or latter years
No record of him yet appears :
At least, beyond the earliest day
As in his cot the Infant lay,

And when his smiling place of rest
 Was on a fondling nurse's breast !
 I the child's story, but in vain,
 Have strove with anxious heart to gain ;
 For she who gave him milk still lives
 And tells all that her mem'ry gives.
 But of your child what is become,
 Whether he has a house or home,
 Whether he sails the ocean o'er
 Or wanders on some desert shore,
 Whether he lives or breathes no more,
 If you've the heart that once I knew
 May shortly be made known to you :
 For, with the means which you possess,
 He may be found your age to bless.
 I only ask of Heaven to live
 To see him your embrace receive ;
 And, dare I hope the joy, to join
 A mother's fond embrace with thine :
 Then may my pilgrim wanderings cease,
 And I, at length, shall die in peace !
 —Thus I have my last duty done,
 And may kind Heaven restore your Son !—”
 —She spoke—the tale she did impart
 Sunk deep into the good man's heart ;
 For, as he said, there did not live
 To close his eyes one relative.

He then in eager speech declar'd
 No cost, no labour should be spar'd
 The Boy to find, and should he be
 What his fond eyes might wish to see,
 His Father's name he soon would bear,
 And of his fortune be the Heir.
 —No time was lost—what could be done,
 To give her ease and find her Son,

Was soon employ'd in ev'ry way
That public notice could display.

The good man now the subject weigh'd,
Then call'd in VELLUM to his aid,
And did, with anxious wish commend
The office to his long-known friend,
To set afloat enquiry due
If what MARIA told were true ;
Nor did he think of pains or cost
To find the stray-sheep that was lost.
"To you," he said, "I give the task,
The greatest favour I can ask,
To trace, if 'tis in any power,
The *Foundling* from that favor'd hour
When DOCTOR SYNTAX first receiv'd
The child and all its wants reliev'd ;
And you, at once, call'd in to share
The wishes of his guardian care.
Believe me that my high-wrought feeling,
Which you must see there's no concealing,"
(For the tear glisten'd in his eye,
And his breast spoke the long-drawn sigh)
"Disdains at once all sordid sense
Which hesitates at recompence :
O what would I refuse to give
Should he be blest with worth and live !
Indulge my whims—nor let me know
Or what you've done or what you do,
Till you can answer—*Yes* or *No*.
Till your grave voice attests my claim
To bear a parent's tender name :
Nor let the claimant here be shown,
Till he is prov'd to be my own."

VELLUM began by exercising
His well-known zeal in advertising ;

Nay, did, from *Kent*, to the *Land's-End*,
QUÆ GENUS and his birth extend,
And as the *King's Bench Walks* had been
Of his first days the curious scene,
Within those environs were spread
The grand *Placards* which he had read ;
And did a forc'd attention call
To many a window, many a wall,
Whose tempting story to rehearse
Has wak'd an effort in our verse.

QUÆ GENUS' plain, consistent tale
Seem'd with old VELLUM to prevail ;
And rather tallied with the view
Of what, in former times, he knew :
But, that same *Hump* his shoulders bore,
And oft had been his foe before,
Forbad the Laundress to bestow
A favouring opinion now ;
The want of which kept things aloof
From certain and substantial proof.
For though the Doctors in the North,
Men of acknowledg'd skill and worth,
Were ready to confirm on oath, }
That, 'twas disease which gave the blow
And bent the strait back to a bow ;
Yet this same *Hump* of direful note
Still stuck in *Betty's* doubtful throat,
For all that she would say or swear
Was, when the Child was in her care,
To the most, keen, observing eye,
His back bore no deformity ;
And thus continued the suspense
From want of better evidence.
— *Vellum* was not without a fear,
That, from the Gout's attack severe,

The anxious Father's self might die
 Before truth clear'd the Mystery,
 And had, from doubt reliev'd, made known
 The Child as his begotten Son—
 Besides on his discovery bent,
 To *Oxford* when kind *Vellum* went,
 To seek his venerable Friend,
 The well-known Rev'rend Doctor BEND,
 Who would have set all matters right,
 He died on the preceding night.
 But still, as we pass on our way,
 What changes mark life's transient day;
 The sun-beams gild the o'erhanging cloud,
 The mists the glitt'ring rays enshroud;
 And, while from storms of beating rain
 We strive some shelter to obtain,
 The scene is chang'd—'tis bright again. }
 Hence 'tis we share th' uncertain hour
 Of joys that smile, of cares that lour.

Thus, while Enquiry seem'd to wear
 The very aspect of Despair,
 A sudden instantaneous thought
 Was to OLD BETTY's mem'ry brought,
 That a *Ripe* STRAWBERRY, blushing red,
 As it grew on its verdant bed,
 By Nature's whimsey, was impress'd
 Not on the cheek or on the breast
 But *Betty* said, "'Tis I know where,
 And could I once but see it there, }
 On Bible Book, ay, I would swear,
 The young man is the child who left,
 And, of a mother's care bereft,
 Was by the Doctor given to me
 To nurse his tender Infancy."

—QUÆ GENUS now was call'd to tell
 What he knew of this secret spell.
 When he without delay declar'd
 What of the mark he oft had heard
 By gamesome play-fellows at school
 When he was bathing in the pool;
 And though he sometimes strove to feel it,
 Its strange position did conceal it
 From his own eyes, though, as a joke,
 It often did a laugh provoke.
 Then did he to her wish display,
 What the verse hides from open day;
 But *Betty Broom* was not so shy
 To turn away her curious eye
 From this same blushing STRAWBERRY. }
 Nay, when she saw the mark, she swore
 She oft had kiss'd it o'er and o'er;
 And, were he not to manhood grown,
 She'd do what she so oft had done.
 O she exclaim'd with tears of joy,
 QUÆ GENUS is the very boy
 Whom their so anxious wishes sought
 And was to full discovery brought.
 —Nor was this all, at the strange show
 Old VELLUM wip'd his moisten'd brow,
 And said, with an uplifted eye,
 "Here ends this curious Mystery."
 When he again, the Symbol saw
 In its right place without a flaw,
 At once he did remember well,
 SYNTAX would smiling oft foretell,
 This mark might to *the Foundling* show
 To whom he did existence owe.
 "'Tis all fulfill'd, the proof is shewn,—
 The FATHER may embrace *his Son!*"

As *Vellum* thought another hour
 Should not delay that darling power
 He to his friend's impatient ear
 In all due substance did declare
 The Hist'ry of QUÆ GENUS past,
 With all the proofs from first to last,
 As on his own conviction shone
 That he was truly *Fairman's* Son :
 When the good man, with brighten'd eye,
 And the heart's tend'rest sympathy,
 As he look'd upwards thus express'd
 The joy that revell'd in his breast.
 "From all I've heard and you have shown
 With zeal and friendship rarely known,
 To the fond truth I'm reconcil'd
 That poor QUÆ GENUS is my Child,
 Confirm'd by all his Mother said,
 As I sat by her dying bed ;
 And ere another sun shall shine,
 I'll prove, at least, I think him mine,
 By giving him a rightful claim
 To share my fortune and my name.
 You then, my friend, may bring him here,
 'Tis a strange task, but do not fear,
 At this so unexpected hour,
 My firmness will relax its power,—
 Though I'm beneath a certain course
 Of medicine, of promis'd force
 On which I have a firm reliance
 To bid the tort'ring Gout defiance,
 My vig'rous spirits will sustain
 The shock of joy as well as pain."
 —*Vellum*, with pleasure now withdrew
 To shape the approaching Interview,—
 And suit QUÆ GENUS to a change :
 So unexpected and so strange ;

But how can we relate the scene
That is about to intervene
Where we shall see in different parts
The weeping eyes, the melting hearts,
Affection's warm and yielding sense
And looks of cold indifference,
While Reason yields, with ample fee,
To be the dupe of Quackery.
This to describe with all the rest
The verse, we trust, will do its best ;
But if the labour it refuses
We'll scout OLD POLL and his NINE MUSES,
And leave our JOHN TROT lines to tell
The Story and, we hope, as well.

An *Empiric* had hither bent
His journey from the Continent,
Who boasted, by his Chymic skill,
Disease was subject to his will ;
And that his cunning had found out
A *Panacea* for the *Gout*.
It seems this wonderful receipt
Form'd a warm-bath for legs and feet ;
And ev'ry day, for a full hour,
The period might be less or more,
The Patient sat, but ill at ease
His legs immers'd up to his knees,
Each in a pail just plac'd before him
Fill'd with a fluid to restore him.
Fairman, who dup'd by Quack'ry's lures,
Had often sought for promis'd cures
Thought it would be no harm to try
The efforts of this Remedy.
—But *Vellum* eager to make known
This curious pair as SIRE and SON,

Did not consult his better reason
 Respecting the right place and season,
 But a most heedless moment sought
 When he QUÆ GENUS trembling brought,
 While the Old-Man up to his knees
 Was bathing for expected ease,
 And thought of nothing but the ails
 He hop'd to drown within the pails.
 Then *Vellum* said, my Duty's done
 Behold, my friend and see your Son!
 QUÆ GENUS, kneeling on the floor,
 Began a blessing to implore!
 The good man said, I ask of Heaven
 That its protection may be given
 To this my long-lost, darling Boy
 Of coming time my only joy!
 'Twas then he press'd the frizzled hair
 And sunk back senseless in his chair.
 The good old *Bookseller* amaz'd
 On the strange, motley picture gaz'd,
 And *Betty Broom* began to vow
 " 'Twere pity he should die just now."
 While the staid Cook, whose ev'ry feature
 Scarce knew a change from sober nature,
 Was to expression ne'er beguil'd,
 Who never wept nor ever smil'd
 Then calmly said, but said no more,
 " I never saw him so before : "—
 While, " look ! behold ! see he revives ! "
 QUÆ GENUS cried—" my Father lives ! "

Wonder and Gratitude and Fainting
 Were there combin'd—what could be wanting
 To make the melting scene complete,
 But coffin and a winding-sheet ?



QUE GENUS DISCOVERS HIS FATHER.



Nor were those symbols long to seek,
For, in a short and happy week,
Which was in warm affection past,
The exalting Father breath'd his last.

Here then we make a pause to ask
How Fortune will achieve its task,
And, to indulge the curious view,
What track the Fancy must pursue,
From such a change in the affairs
Of the poor Foundling on the stairs.
Whether the passions active strife
Will check repose and trouble life ;
Whether the inmate of his breast
Will lead to turbulence or rest,
Make him repose beneath the shade
At ease and indolently laid ;
Whether the mind will yield to pleasure
In that seducing form and measure,
Which strews temptations ev'ry hour
And gold commands with ready power :
—But other notions we had brought
The proofs of our prophetic thought ;
That, not without a gleam of pride,
He would chuse Reason for his guide.
When with a plenteous income arm'd
And hospitable bosom warm'd,
He from the gay world would retire
And turn into a Country 'Squire ;
Then, with those charms which heighten life,
And blossom in a pleasing wife,
Enjoy that calm and tranquil state
That does on Independence wait,
Nor spurns the low, nor courts the great :
And though not from those frailties free
The Lot of man's infirmity,

He might pass on to rev'rend age,
And die a Christian and a sage.
—Thus we our Hero's picture drew
As hope inspir'd, for future view,
Such as the coming years might see,
Such as we hop'd that he would be.
But soon appear'd a threat'ning storm
That did the expected scene deform,
And many a cloud began to lour
That veils the intellectual hour,
Though gleams of light would oft controul
The darksome chaos of the soul :
And a bright, instantaneous ray
Would gild a cloud and cheer the day ;
And now and then a serious thought
Was to its proper object brought.
Whene'er, oppress'd with sudden gloom,
In solemn steps he pac'd the room ;
Then, his looks beaming with content,
He turn'd to Joy and Merriment,
And Reason, for a wav'ring hour,
Would seem to re-assume its power.
Yet social habits he disclaim'd,
Wept when he prais'd, laugh'd when he blam'd,
And, sometimes frowning, would declare
Life was not worth the liver's care.
—Whether it was the sudden change,
So unexpected and so strange,
Or the accession large of wealth
Broke in upon his reason's health,
Or the concussion of his brain
Which the night's frolic did sustain,
Our science knows not to explain. }
Old *Betty* thought it must be Love,
Which she would undertake to prove,

As in his freaks that seem'd like folly
He sung and danc'd and talk'd of *Molly*,
And frequently was seen to scrawl
Figures in chalk upon the wall,
Then fancy that he scatter'd flowers
And sat in gay and fragrant bowers.
—Whate'er the hidden cause might be,
No sage experience could foresee
A cure for his Infirmary. }
He now grew worse from day to day,
And Nature hasten'd to decay :
It soon was seen, no art could save
QUÆ GENUS from an early grave.
—Old *Vellum* did not quit his care
And *Betty Broom* was always there.
The FOUNDLING's Life she had attended,
As it began, and as it ended :
His earliest days her cares embrac'd,
Her aged eyes wept o'er his last :
They did his dying hour behold !
—Reader Farewell,——The Story's told !

